The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 2 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

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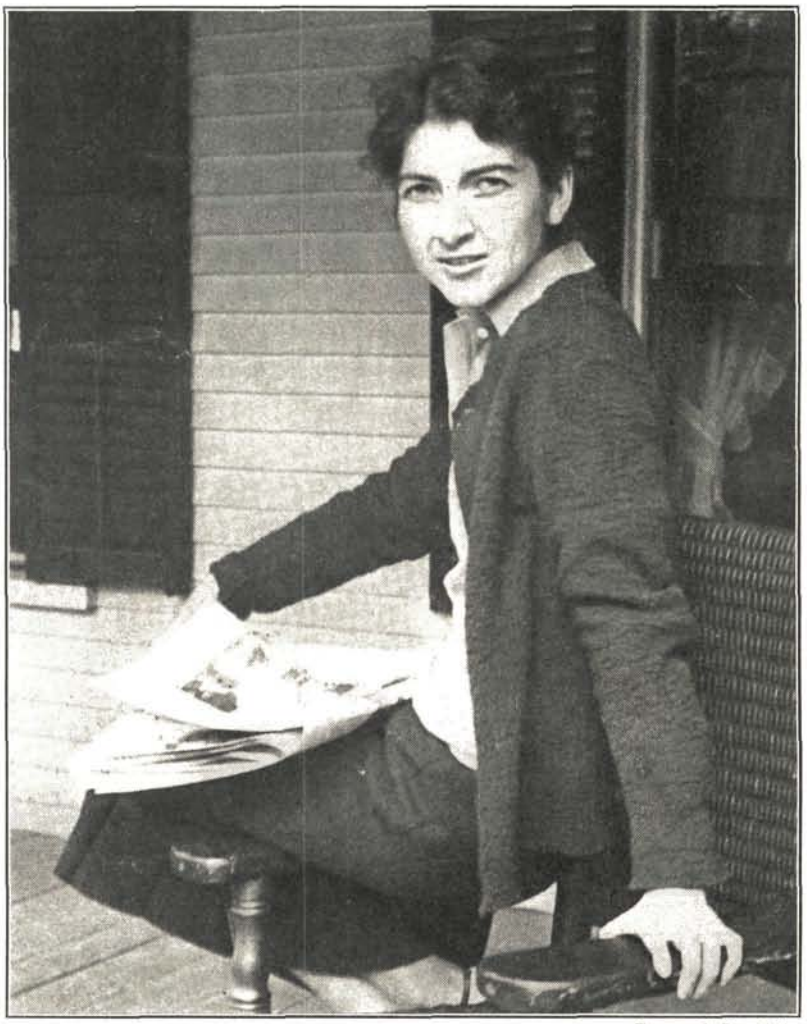

Bernard De Voto

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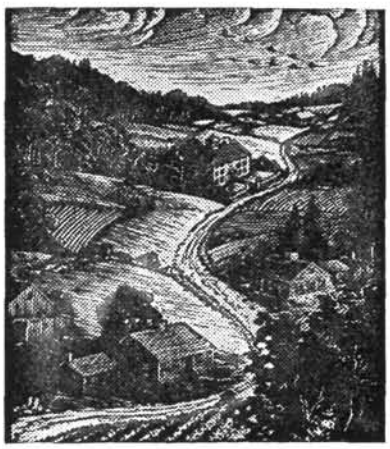

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The Literary Left Grows Up

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE First American Writers' Congress, held recently in New York City, was a very agreeable surprise. I had gone expecting a lot of dismal and empty talk about "art as a class weapon," with the *clichés* of Marxism beating a rat-tat-tat upon the tympani, but it was apparent from the start that the RAPP period in American literary communism has been liquidated. A year ago *The New Masses* was being very solemn and superior and self-righteous when John Dos Passos, for instance, failed to see eye to eye with the pundits of the literary "party line"; and in *The Daily Worker* Heywood Broun, the moving spirit in the Newspaper Guild, was a "scabby rat" because of his unwillingness to glorify the role of the communists in the Toledo strike. Sectarianism was written all over most "left" literary criticism, and the occasional sane voice of a Joseph Freeman sounded forlorn and plaintive amid the hoarse shouts of the more Pauline Marxists.

Since last Autumn, however, the literary "line" has changed; the threat of war and reaction has had its effect. Exposed on the extreme Left, the communists, and the writers sympathetic to communism, have sensed the need of making common cause against the forces of reaction with all who more or less agree with them that war and fascism are terrible things, and that even bourgeois democracy is to be preferred to a "naked" dictatorship of the Right. A defensive battle is being fought at the moment, both on the political and on the literary fronts, and all that is needed for a "united front" in a defensive period is that soldiers should agree on the negative proposition of what constitutes the enemy.

As one who thinks the political battle in America is bound to be fought out on parliamentary lines, for reasons that cannot be adequately explained in this essay, I felt more at home in conversation with Left writers than at any time since 1932. The appeal to authority ("Marx said . . .," "Lenin said . . .," "Stalin says . . .") was not in evidence; writers were no longer "good" or "bad" according to their politics; there was little disposition to dictate either subject material or schematic approach. Mike Gold actually shocked me when he said: "We have no blue-print for the proletarian novel." (I remember the time when he had.)

In his speech at Mecca Temple, Earl Browder, secretary of the American Communist Party, made a few sarcastic references to the now liquidated period when the "infantile disease of leftism" raged in communist literary publications; he warned against the zeal of new converts; he lamented the fact that "bourgeois" accessions to the communists often feel they must "do penance" for their birth and early circumstances. As far as I can make out, this right-about-face in the communist ranks is due to men like Henry Hart and Matthew Josephson and Malcolm Cowley, new "fellow travellers" who still prefer Henry James and Proust and Joyce to communist authors who happen to be ungifted.

A year ago Robert Cantwell was being chastised in *The New Masses* because his final pages held out no irrevocable and inevitable hope that the proletariat will triumph; the fact that Cantwell was doing his best to make literature out of confusion, out of a situation which may, very possibly, result in defeat for the working class, was blithely overlooked. The writer, in general, was being urged to serve as "comfort bringer" (Pollyanna on the barricades), without regard to psychological realities. This point of view was drowned at the Congress by James T. Farrell and Josephine Herbst, not in explicit statement, but by implication. Miss Herbst was rather nonplussed by young authors who had come to the Congress seeking proletarian Horatio Alger rules for literary success; she kept saying that the writer must wrest his literature from his material, from the life in which he has, willy nilly, been immersed. Malcolm Cowley was interested in showing what the "revolution can bring to the writer"; it can, he said, bring him energy and a working direction, but it cannot "save his soul," nor can it make him into a first-rate literary artist if he lacks the native skill. Farrell explained that "bourgeois" and "proletarian" literature were "not cultural standards *per se*," but "categories to be investigated." And Edwin Seaver took the eminently common-sensical position that it is the point of view latent in a novel that should count for purposes of "revolutionary" or "non-revolutionary" classification, and not the subject material. In other words, if Proust or Joyce, for instance, serve to make a reader thoroughly dissatisfied with our civilization, and willing to explore the communist or socialist proposals for a way out, Proust or Joyce is functioning on a "revolutionary" level to a certain extent. Of course this has noth-

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

WRITING BY MAIL ORDER
By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD

YOUNG RENNY
By MAZO DE LA ROCHE
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

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WALDO FRANK AND MALCOLM COWLEY

Photographed at the American Writers' Congress by Robert Disraeli.

ing to do with literature *per se*, as Max Eastman could have told the Congress, but Seaver could very reasonably reply that he was not, in the specific essay he read at the New School for Social Research sessions, interested in purely literary values.

A point I wanted to raise at the Congress concerned the dramatic novel, which demands ethical "absolutes" for its axes. Most of us, in our pragmatism, can't decide very easily between "good" and "bad"; the result is that, when we serve as fictional protagonists, we move erratically through novels of sensibility. We are Eugene Gants, biting off experience, but not agonizing over specifically moral decisions. There are no Alyosha Karamazoffs or Raskolnikoffs among us. The revolutionary movement, with its more or less strict schematization of values, would seemingly offer the absolutes so dear to the heart of the dramatic writer. Take, for example, the theme of a labor leader torn between his desire to serve the long-term philosophy of Marx and Lenin and the practical demands of his A. F. of L. union. Or agitated over the possibility that his wife and children may starve if he gets blacklisted for union activity. Here are two themes which offer possibilities for the restoration of the dramatic novel, which has fallen on evil days since the erosion of the Victorian scheme of bourgeois virtues. I had not seen "Black Pit" on the stage when I suggested, tentatively, that radical novelists take the dramatic approach to literature. But I notice that "Black Pit" corresponds, more or less, to the sort of thing I was asking for in the novel.

And I also notice that "Black Pit" has stirred up a bitter (and healthy) fight over what constitutes "defeatism" in literature (which, by the way, has nothing whatsoever to do with literary values *per se*). Genevieve Taggard is inclined to bemoan "Black Pit" because it is "defeatist." Well, what is "defeatist" and what is not? Can anyone prescribe in these matters? James T. Farrell's "Judgment Day" may be considered "defeatist"; it may also be taken as a promise of socialist victory. It all depends on whether the reader is more impressed with the sodden hopelessness of the multiplied Studs Lonigans of the United States, or with the rapture on the faces of the men who march in the parade against war and fascism in the chapter which takes Old Man Lonigan on his drunken way to his son's death bed. A novel or a play, it cannot be too often emphasized, has many different readers. To me, the Russian novelists of the "die-for-the-dear-old-steel-mill" variety are profoundly defeatist. They make me say, "If socialism means that we must be infantile over the means of life, then why fight for it?" I would be far more impressed by a communist novel that neglected to glorify toil as toil and concentrated, rather, on the satisfaction in increased leisure to be derived from the completed industrial machine. A novel that has the Red Dawn on the ultimate page may be so obviously the product of wish-fulfillment as to have a defeatist effect. One's reaction to this sort of novel may be, "This guy doesn't know anything; if all communists are as unrealistic, then what chance have they of plotting the correct strategy for victory?"

The fact that there can be a legitimate difference of opinion within communist ranks over a play like "Black Pit" is encouraging; it means a diminishing of the terrorist spirit on the literary left. Evidently the toleration of differences has been extended to philosophical matters, as well. For both Waldo Frank and Kenneth Burke made speeches at the Congress that smacked to me of the heresy that led to the spiritual blacklisting of Sidney Hook two or three years ago. Marxism is, notoriously, "materialist." That is, it turns the idealist Hegel "upside down"; it sees men as inevitably "conditioned" by the relations of production at any given time in history; it tends to give a Calvinistic, determinist logic to events. Sidney Hook, a Deweyan instrumentalist, denied the "inevitability" of communism; he said it must be fought for by men who were subjectively convinced of its desirability. The tactics of the "class struggle" were his pragmatist's "instruments" for the attaining of the socialist

(*Continued on page* 17)

Bailey's Hands

By Mark Van Doren

THERE was no need of questions,
Or queer, down-dropping looks.
A blind man could have read them
Like weather-beaten books:

Each one of them more ancient,
Each one of them more plain
Than any rag or parchment
Alcoved from the rain.

The right one that he gave me—
I could have shut my eyes
And heard all seventy summers
Rasping at their scythes;

The left one that he lifted,
Tightening his hat—
I could have seen the cut groves
Lie fallen, green and flat;

Or seen a row of handles,
Ash-white and knuckle-worn,
Run back as far as boyhood
And the first field of thorn:

The two-edged axe and sickle,
The pick, the bar, the spade,
The adze, and the long shovel—
Their heads in order laid,

Extending many an autumn
And whitening into bone,
As if the past were marching,
Stone after stone.

So by his hands' good hardness,
And the slow way they waved,
I understood the story:
Snath-written, helve-engraved.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 2. May 11, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

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Road to Fascism

FORERUNNERS OF AMERICAN FASCISM. By Raymond Gram Swing. New York: Julian Messner. 1935. $1.75.

Reviewed by WALTER MILLIS

THIS is the case for believing that fascism lies ahead of us—a case put compactly, readably, and intelligently. It is particularly intelligent in the method adopted. Mr. Swing skilfully embodies his argument in a series of portrait sketches of five figures—Coughlin, Long, Bilbo, Townsend, and Hearst—who are either potential American Hitlers or else express the confused popular emotions which lie ready to be exploited by an American Hitler as his means to power. There is a shrewd introductory analysis of the essential nature of fascism (Mr. Swing defines it as "an attempt to maintain economic inequality at the cost of democratic liberty") and a concluding section on the concerted assault upon civil rights now being launched, for the second time in eighteen years, by the patriotic and veterans' societies, chambers of commerce, vigilance committees, and other forces of "anti-intellectual" nationalist repression. But the disturbing force of the demonstration is found in the character studies of the type demagogues—men already numbering their followers by the million, who in their origins, their ideas, their methods, the crazy secrets of their influence, so exactly parallel the Mussolinis, Hitlers, and Starhembergs of Europe.

The well-meaning Catholic priest, suddently taken up into a high place by the demonic magic of radio, and shown a temptation of personal power to which he has yielded by launching a "program" almost identical with the Nazi party pro-

Elliott & Fry

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

gram of 1920; the homespun, the vindictive, and extraordinarily able dictator of Louisiana, who is dangerous precisely because he has brought real benefits to the neglected and exploited common men of his state; the sincerely utopian Townsend, who has blundered into national eminence by his good-hearted simplicity; and the aging Hearst, the impish people's advocate of thirty years ago, now chivvying college professors, waving the Red menace, and suppressing labor "agitators"—these make an appalling gallery as Mr. Swing sketches their characters and relates them to the broader economic and political setting of today. Mr. Swing sees Hearst as an expression of American lower middle class mentality, and so finds in the publisher's changing mood a special significance. The man who once, in the role of Jeffersonian democrat, published the Archbold letters, is now damning politicians for interfering with business men. It means, says Mr. Swing, that the lower middle class "is going fascist; a generation ago it was Jeffersonian." It means that the nation will go fascist, too, unless it honestly "makes democracy work" (of which Mr. Swing sees little hope), or unless there comes a real business recovery. The latter would end the fascist menace—but as to its likelihood, Mr. Swing makes no prediction.

Walter Millis, author of "The Martial Spirit," a study of the Spanish War period, has just published a new book, "Road to War," an analysis of the means that carried the United States into the world struggle.

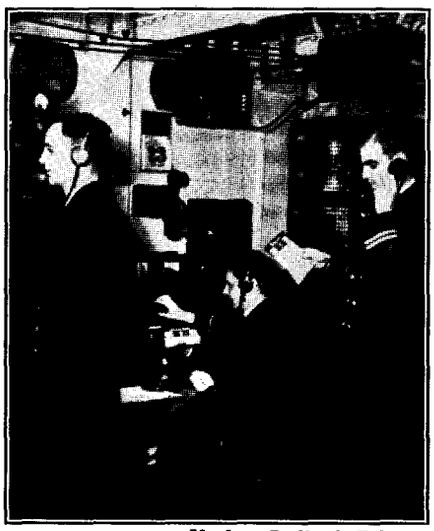
Critical Moments in the Radio Shack

SOS TO THE RESCUE. By Karl Baarslag. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

IN his excellent preface, Captain Felix Riesenberg characterizes this book as a definitely new and important contribution to the lore of the sea, a judgment which this reviewer feels is not likely to be challenged. The major part of the book is a study, from the angle of the radio shack, of the outstanding marine disasters from the collision of the *Florida* and *Republic* in 1909, to the burning of the *Morro Castle* in 1934. Of such material any journalist could make an exciting book. Fortunately Karl Baarslag is not a journalist, but an experienced marine radio operator with a scholarly bent and the ability to get people to talk. Also, he writes well.

"SOS to the Rescue" is new for the reason that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Many of us are reasonably well acquainted with the principal facts of the major disasters in which radio played a part. But when those disasters



Mackay Radio & Tel. Co.

MODERN RADIO INSTALLATION

On board the S. S. Washington.

are studied in sequence and historical perspective they acquire a new, cumulative meaning.

Anyone who may some time be a passenger on a steamship is advised to read "SOS to the Rescue." And this may mean you. It is one of those books which leave the reader with mixed emotions, inspired by human daring, cowardice, unselfish heroism, and greed. More practically, the future passengers will be encouraged by the steady decline in loss of tonnage since the introduction of marine radio. A decline, in American tonnage lost, from 1.20 to .21. Balancing these heartening statistics there will be some aftertaste of frustration; a flavor popular in fiction. But in this book it isn't just life. The sense of frustration comes from the inescapable fact that steamships are run for profit, and in the pursuit of profits steamship companies sometimes gamble with the lives of their passengers. And sometimes lose. Also, a steamship is not necessarily commanded by her captain. She may be commanded from shore by hard-headed business men who have impressed upon her captain the extreme desirability, in case of disaster, of limping into port somehow and escaping a salvage claim. The heart of the frustration motif is the fact that while marine radio advances swiftly, the profit element is static and gambling in human lives has not been reduced to an exact science.

Rounding out its historical implications, "SOS to the Rescue" devotes chapters to Pioneer Wirelessmen, Girl Marine Radio Operators, and the stories behind the Memorial in Battery Park, New York, erected to the memory of radio operators lost at their posts. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs.

Archie Binns is the author of "Lightship," a novel which met with a favorable reception when it was published last fall. His cousin, Jack Binns, was radio operator of the Republic *at the time of the* 1909 *disaster referred to in this review.*

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The Pulitzer Prize Winners

A Running Account of the Awards in Letters

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SPECULATION this year in regard to the Pulitzer Prize awards ran like an electric current through newspaper and magazine offices. The advisory board of the Columbia University School of Journalism, and the trustees of that University had taken a leaf out of Brer Rabbit's book. You remember Brer Rabbit's remarkable ability to "say nuffin." Last year, owing to the agile efforts of a particular New York columnist, and other circumstances, the list of prize winners came to public notice earlier than had been planned or desired, the cat jumped out of the bag, and there was no small flurry in academic circles. The advisory board this year determined to prevent any repetition of such an occurrence.

Bernard DeVoto

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
For "Now in November."

Monday evening, May the Sixth, was upon the *Saturday Review of Literature* almost before we knew it. Your scribe, in his ancient but still serviceable dinner coat arrived at the Commodore Hotel with the earliest guests.

Now at midnight he sits at his typewriter in a boiled shirt pounding out the news for you. The first person he ran into when he entered the banquet hall was Harry Hansen of the *World Telegram*. Then Maxwell Aley of Longman's turned up and Herschel Brickell of the *Post*. Tall Donald Geddes of the Columbia University Press was descried in the offing. Rife was quite the word for the speculation, though nobody had any inside dope. Several of us agreed that Stark Young was pretty sure of the novel award. Douglas Freeman's life of Lee was mentioned for biography. Nobody had any bright ideas about the play that might have been chosen, or the poetry.

The scribe found himself at the end of the Speakers' Table, near the Press Table. He ran through his fruit *coupe carmen* in short order. The orchestra started to do its stuff under what looked like the canopy of a great throne. The *noisette* of spring lamb could not compete, but it disappeared quite quickly, and while attacking the sliced tomato mayonnaise left-handed the scribe glanced at his watch under cover of the table-cloth. Almost zero hour! In other words, nearly nine o'clock. A few moments more and Dean Ackerman, the Toastmaster, introduced President Nicholas Murray Butler.

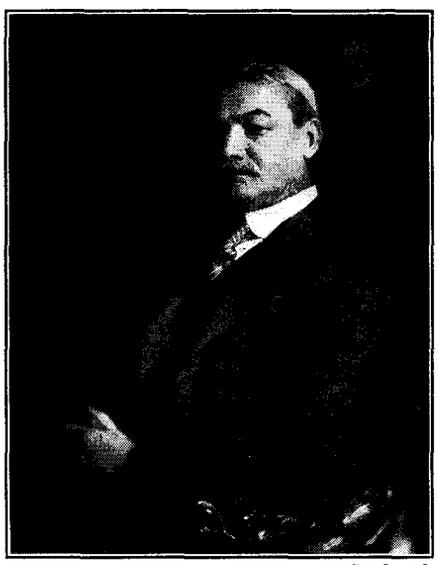
President Butler announced the prizes in journalism, for meritorious public service, for distinguished service as a foreign or Washington correspondent, for editorial writing, reportorial work, and cartooning. His voice rang resonantly. Now came the prizes in letters. "For the best novel published during the year by an American author, one thousand dollars—! To 'Now in November,' by Josephine Winslow Johnson, published by Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York." *The S. R. L.* had noticed "Now in November" back in September, in a review, the scribe remembered, that had been challenged by letters to the editor later on. Louis Untermeyer wrote in, "It is astonishing that a girl in her early twenties should have composed a work which has, whatever else it has or lacks, such unpretentious but unmistakable power. It has—and how many books of this generation even suggest it?—wisdom."

Josephine Johnson is now twenty-five, a young woman who knows her own mind and will take nobody's say-so, who thinks there may be much to proletarian literature, but wants to see life for herself and not get it at second-hand. She has a penchant for weird illustrations to fairy stories, makes many of them herself, and scatters them about the ample house which tops the rolling family farm just outside of St. Louis. She has studied art, taken four years and more at Washington University, and browsed steadily in the large family library. "Now in November" is her first novel.

The second announcement was of the thousand dollar prize for the best American play, performed in New York, representing the educational value and power of the stage. Here came the flash! "The Old Maid," by Zoë Akins, produced at the Empire Theatre during the season 1934-35. The scribe had not seen it but had read it in book-form when it was published by Appleton-Century. He remembered once dining at Miss Akins's apartment down near Washington Square, when Elinor Wylie, Willa Cather, and Carl Van Vechten were also present. He knew that she now was with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood. She began her writing as a contributor to William Marion Reedy's St. Louis *Mirror*—so that was already two up for St. Louis! She contributed criticisms and appreciations of poetry, among other things, and she wrote poetry herself, in those days. Then she began to have many plays produced and published. "Déclassé" will be recalled, and "The Texas Nightingale." "The Old Maid" is a play adapted from a story by Edith Wharton. In it the superb Judith Anderson gave a beautiful performance.

Followed history—"for the best book of the year upon the history of the United States"—again a thousand dollars. The scribe heard sonorously pronounced the name of Charles McLean Andrews, for "The Colonial Period in American History," published by the Yale University Press. Ye scribe's own college, by gosh! Cheers for Yale and the Farnam professor of American history, Emeritus Director of historical publications at the university, editor of fifty volumes of Yale Historical Publications, and author of a large number of works on American history. (See his review on page 20.)

Guesses made as to the award for biography proved correct. Another thousand



Bachrach

CHARLES McLEAN ANDREWS
For "The Colonial Period in American History."

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Walters

AUDREY WURDEMANN
For "Bright Ambush"

went to "R. E. Lee," by Douglas Southall Freeman, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, for the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example—excluding Washington and Lincoln as too obvious.

Douglas Southall Freeman, born in Lynchburg, Virginia, has been newspaper editor, secretary and trustee of the Confederate Memorial Institute, historical consultant for Virginia in the U. S. Department of the Interior, and recipient of the "Parchment of Distinction" awarded by the New York Southern Society. That was two years ago. Lee has long been a major interest with him. In 1922 he wrote a monograph on the Confederate leader, and before that, as long ago as 1914, he had edited Lee's despatches. In reviewing his prize-winning biography in several volumes, Liddell Hart said in *The Saturday Review* last December: "So far as I can judge . . . Mr. Freeman has been stupendously thorough in his historical research." And again, "Throughout, one's admiration is evoked by the biographer's sense of justice and his obvious care to hold the balance fairly between his subject and other men."

Honorable mention in the field of biography was awarded David Saville Muzzey, for his "James G. Blaine," published by Dodd, Mead and Company. There's nothing like forming a habit. This is a volume in a series of biographies edited by Allan Nevins, of which two volumes have already won the Pulitzer award: Mr. Nevins's own on Cleveland and Tyler Dennett's on Hay.

As one who has more than dabbled in verse in his time the scribe pricked up his ears at the next announcement, which was of the thousand dollars given to the happy author of the best volume of verse published during the past year. The award went to Audrey Wurdemann, for her "Bright Ambush," published by the John Day Company. Miss Wurdemann is the wife of the well-known American poet, Joseph Auslander. She, like the winner of the novel award, is a mere sprig of a girl—at least to this scribe's aging sight. She is but twenty-four years old, and in a new book of Mr. Auslander's, to appear the middle of this month, he dedicates one section to her with a particular poem in which he speaks of his wife's eyes as "as dark as wind," and advises her to

> Let others seek
> The transient crest—
> Song's gift is best.

Miss Wurdemann was born in Seattle, Washington, and at the moment when Dr. Butler was announcing her name to the Pulitzer Prize audience she was doubtless talking to her parents in that far away northwestern state, having recently gone to them on a visit. Her father, H. V. Wurdemann, is a surgeon. She had no formal education though for a time she did attend the University of Washington. She began writing early, at fourteen, and was a protegee of the late George Sterling. She has travelled much and is fond of gems. The scribe, in noticing her "Bright Ambush" last March, said, among other things,

> Her mind is bright and iridescent with legend. She can achieve charming humor, as in "Persephone." . . . Further experience of life will enlarge her range, and she will have more original things to say, but already her verse shows evidence of rare texture. . . . Her title poem is a gallant defiance.

There followed, from Doctor Butler, a recitation of the traveling scholarships, and then your scribe was rushing for the door to deliver a list, snatched outside, into the waiting hand of Miss Loveman, who hastened to the telephone. But I must add that the scribe returned to the banquet-table—and congratulated himself on not missing the parade of waiters with the beautiful ice-cream held aloft on blocks of ice lit from within.

Pach

ZOË AKINS
For "The Old Maid."

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN
For "R. E. Lee"

Biography as a Pastime

By Douglas Southall Freeman

I FEAR that the writing of biography and indeed of all larger historical work must keep the character of a pastime, and of an expensive one at that. With perhaps half-a-dozen exceptions, all the longer histories and biographies in America have been the work of men who had appreciable means and decent leisure —or else purchased at the greatest sacrifice the hours required for their research. This has been true from the era of Bancroft to that of Henry Charles Lea, the great medievalist; it has been true of nearly every one of the distinguished biographers.

The preparation of a full-length biography of any of the great men of America involves the close examination of at least 100,000 folios of manuscript, scattered as widely as the wind blows, and the detailed study of a minimum of one thousand printed books. It would take the uninterrupted labor of five years and the direct outlay of at least $5,000 clerical help, to write the much needed life of Jefferson or the long-desired Washington. It seems to me that one or another of the great foundations that finance research projects or send authors to Europe for a year, might well consider the investment of a part of their income for a longer term of years, and in an amount sufficient to support an established author, in the writing of these biographies and of others I might name. Until wisdom brings that millennium, the writing of complete biography or of comprehensive history must remain the avocation of those who are willing to devote all their leisure and most of their patrimony to their faith in the value of a great man's life to a nation.

This statement is condensed from Mr. Freeman's address to the Friends of the Princeton Library on April 25, 1935.

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New Dreams for Old

LEADERS, DREAMERS AND REBELS: an Account of the Great Mass-Movements of History, and the Wish-Dreams That Inspired Them. By René Fülöp-Miller. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by WILL DURANT

WRITING against the background of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Communist Russia, the author of "Rasputin" and "The Power and Secret of the Jesuits" sees history not as the determination of the spirit by the grocery, but as the chaotic and incalculable product on the one hand of the fears and dreams of masses of men, and on the other of the half-neurotic geniuses who have been flung up to leadership on the wave-tops of these fears and dreams. Since men are seldom content with reality, and most of them are doomed to defeat, the basic need of human life is a consolatory hope. Without a myth the people perish; for a myth they will pay any price in love and hate, in toil and blood. And because every dream must come to awakening, and reality unembellished with imagination is too hard to be borne, history is a succession of new dreams for old, a glorious and heart breaking pageantry of Utopia replacing Heaven, and Heaven replacing Utopia.

So Fülöp-Miller traces rapidly, vividly, and with almost the formlessness of a dream, the convulsive movements of the mass-mind from primeval savagery to Lenin, Mussolini, and Hitler. He paints, perhaps imaginatively, the terrors of primitive imagination; he notes the horrific quality of man's early deities, even of the gods of Greece; he probes into the primal and everlasting fear of death, and sees religion as an effort to soothe and solace this fear. Catholicism, he thinks, was an admirable instrument for this purpose; never before had so lovely a poem covered over the harsh prose of struggling life and cold mortality. But after a thousand years the old fears were still unquieted; the haunted sense of unseen forces shaping men's destiny to destruction frustrated the solicitous gentleness of Mary and dulled the uplifting drama of the Mass; hell moved the soul more powerfully than heaven, and Satan walked the earth more visibly than God. Fear overcame dogma, and the Middle Ages broke out in a Walpurgis-Night's Dream of men flagellating themselves in frightened penitence, or burning witches to appease a deity who damned men in great multitudes, and called a few to paradise. In the harsh north Protestantism replaced Catholicism, the New Testament gave way to the Old, and all the terrors of primitive religion were unleashed by men learned in fear and hate.

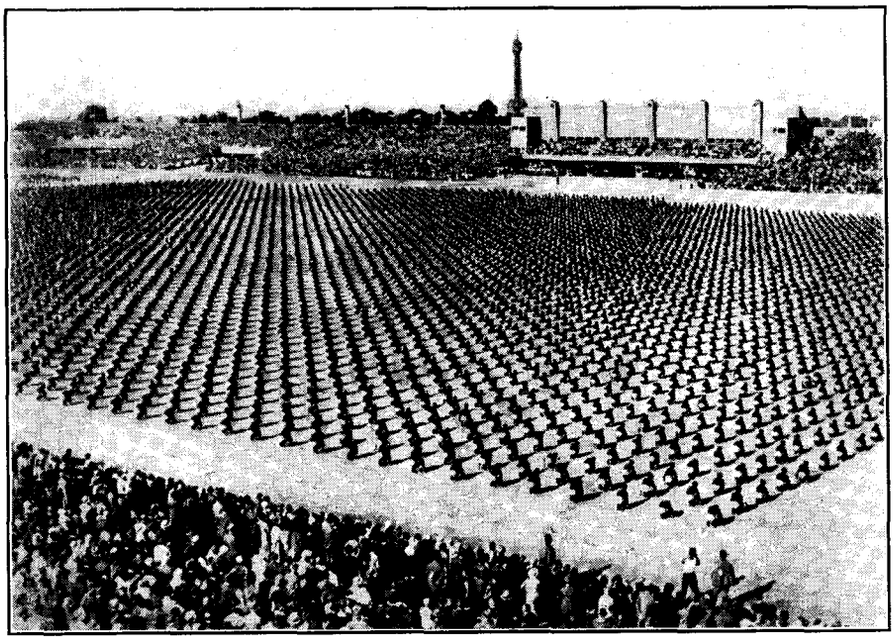
Out of this break-up of the medieval faith came rationalism and socialism. John Ball and Wat Tyler were (by an innocent anachronism) sons of Henry VIII, and the Peasants' Revolt was a logical conclusion from the Reformation! Given the eternal need of the weak and oppressed for consolation, Utopia had to be conceived the moment heaven began to die. The intellectual history of modern times is composed of two correlative movements: the replacement of faith by reason, and the replacement of heaven with Utopia. The two movements culminated in the French Revolution; the Goddess of Reason met the Rights of Man, and their children were Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and the guillotine.

The specific tragedy of modern thought is the twofold discovery that reason cannot understand the world, or determine history, or console the heart; and that nature will have nothing to do with equality. Fülöp-Miller records, in his haphazard Carlylean way, the disillusionment of the modern mind with reason, and the misfortunes of the masses in the search for equality. His picture of the French Revolution is almost as bitter as Taine's; it is a panorama of mob-leaders savagely bent upon destroying superiority, fraternity, and liberty in the pursuit of an unnatural equality. Liberty and equality, men discovered, are not brothers, but enemies; one must be sacrificed to the other; leave men free, and the natural differences in their capacities will breed new inequalities with every invention, every new division of labor, every growth in the complexity and variety of a civilization. Utopia begins with a dream of liberty, and ends in a nightmare of despotism.

Hence Fülöp-Miller prefers Mussolini and Hitler to Marx and Lenin; behind the grim figure of Marx preaching brotherhood he sees the gentle face of Darwin announcing the eternity of difference, the inequality of endowment, the struggle for existence, and the rule and use of the weak by the strong under whatever constitution and whatever laws. He prefers the emotionalism of Sorel, the voluntarism of Schopenhauer, the aristocracy of Nietzsche's blonde beasts to the fancies of democracy and communism; in the end, he thinks, there is nothing for the weak to do, no other vicarious nobility and significance for them, than to follow and obey the most heroic of the strong. He is fascinated by Mussolini, and finds him rooted in Nietzsche and Sorel; he admires Hitler, and does not see Thyssen and Krupp behind the mustache; and he dislikes communism despite the fact that Stalin is at least as Nietzschean as Mussolini himself. He smiles at the Russian idolatry of machines, and thinks that this too—the "great magic" that will destroy poverty—is a dream; in Russia as everywhere the strong will control the machines, and the weak will toil for them; only the phrases will be changed. This is the end of science and reason.

It is a dark picture, and hardly reveals the redeeming colors of life; one would never surmise from it that simple men can be obstinately content, and that the weak are happier than the strong. Many other pictures will have to be painted before life will recognize its own likeness in our philosophy, our literature, and our art. But it is a brilliant picture; and those miserable creatures who suffer from the passion for understanding will have to absorb this vision too in their quest for that total perspective which is the eternal mirage of philosophy.

Will Durant presented in his "Story of Philosophy" a bird's-eye view of the philosophies that have swayed mankind.



MASS SPORT FESTIVAL: SOKOL CONGRESS AT PRAGUE

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KING GEORGE
From "Royal London" (Studio).

The British Crown

THE PEOPLE'S KING: George V., A Narrative of Twenty-Five Years. By John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $2.75.

THIS book, thoughtful and firmly written, is not quite what the title might lead us to suppose; if we expected an "intimate" biography of King George, with glimpses and anecdotes of royalty off duty, this is not it. But it is precisely what Mr. Buchan was best trained and fitted to give us: a dignified and moving aperçu of Britain's history through twenty-five years, seen somewhat as the King himself might recall and reflect upon it. This modest, pious, devoted gentleman moves through the book mostly as a symbol.

Not to realize the double and subtle worth of the British Crown — its value as emblem and consummation of the nation, to which is added the deep affection and good humor felt toward the present occupant—is to know nothing of British genius, political and sentimental. The unbelieving radical or rationalist who may be impatient of Mr. Buchan's doctrine of kingship thereby confesses his own shallowness. For this not exceptionally distinguished yet universally respected head of a nation has—by being rather than doing—exerted probably as wide an influence as any man who has lived in our time.

This is a British history, but never chauvinist; it is temperate, liberal, dipped in power and candor. Through the restless years 1910-14, then into the darkness of Avernus, and the "sour-apple harvest" (the phrase is his) of after-War, Mr. Buchan takes us; rising on occasion to a real greatness of purview. Perhaps no biography of a king ever said so little of the monarch himself and yet succeeded better to convey affection for the man, honor for the paradoxical position he fulfills.

Storm Jameson's Frozen Heroine

LOVE IN WINTER. By Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS novel reads to me like the second limb of a trilogy. Storm Jameson has already written one trilogy of novels, and in her books listed under the title "The Mirror in Darkness," she has so far given us "Company Parade" and now "Love in Winter." In the present work the heroine, Hervey Russell, who is also a novelist and whose business experiences are obviously drawn from Miss Jameson's own (though none of the characters met in the course of editorship are) remarks at one point that she had already written enough for a long book and yet only produced about one-half of the novel she contemplated. So she decided to call that much a novel in itself, and make the remainder of a trilogy out of the rest she intended to write. Perhaps the present novel has had somewhat the same history, for it really does not end anywhere in particular.

It is a book of nearly four hundred pages and there is a great deal in it of post-war London. There are (beside Hervey and her husband, Penn, whom she really despises, and her lover, Nicholas) a large number of other characters. All their lives are somehow interrelated. They range in occupation from large industrialists, with enormous holdings, to Labor members and Socialists and pitiful small fry of the great city. Only the men in the most pitiful circumstances seem to have much to redeem them as human beings. I know of few characters in fiction I found more loathsome than Julian Swan, the fine, handsome young fascist. Penn, the husband, is a thorough weakling, and Nicholas, the lover, really not much better. The captains of industry are unlikable. Evelyn, the woman for whom Hervey toils, and finally breaks from somewhat, is entirely despicable. Hervey herself, with her combined self-pity and doggedness, her intense emotionalism and mixture of supineness and strength, is a paradoxical character, both admirable at times and often, to me at least, extremely annoying. There is no real gallantry in most of the characters, and Miss Jameson is too serious a realist to indulge in much humor. On the other hand, her work has vitality, and she knows pretty thoroughly the lives of people in quite different walks of life. She also has that which an English journalist once attributed to her, "a passionate sympathy with the majority." And she strives for proper auctorial detachment. Hers is often a shrewd, disillusioned view of the modern world. She can powerfully present to us a cross-section of contemporary chaos in a great capital. Most modern social and economic issues are touched upon, in the course of the unfolding of Hervey's unmanifest destiny and that of the people she knows.

But in spite of much graphic writing, and the author's obvious honesty, I am forced to report that the mental and spiritual struggles of the main characters left me singularly cold. "Love in Winter" is a good title for the book; in that, almost unconsciously, the Englishwomen in it are shown as thwarted and the Englishmen as unconscionably bad lovers.

Race to Multiply

RIPENESS IS ALL. By Eric Linklater. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THE scene of this novel is an English village; the characters include a vicar, a major, and a lady gardener; the plot originates in a trick will; but Mr. Linklater brings so much originality and vigor to these familiar ingredients that he renews their freshness. The will in question, devised by the major, bequeaths an estate of £70,000 to whichever of his various nephews and nieces shall, in a given length of time, become the parent of the largest number of legitimate offspring. The multiplication race gets under way with a bang, and before it's over we have had an amusing time with the contestants. Among these are the girl who has hopes because her husband's mother was a twin; the shy bachelor who has no designs on the fortune himself, but who gets into the clutches of a predatory and philoprogenitive female; and the black sheep of the family, who neatly contrives to turn himself into the dark horse.

Unlike "Magnus Merriman" and "Juan in America," Mr. Linklater's new novel is not a satire. It is an entertainment—a good story delightfully written, well characterized, as amusing as it is improbable.

FROM JACKET OF "RIPENESS IS ALL"

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Is Youth Defeatist?

WILL teachers, editors, publishers, or whoever has an opportunity to see the yet unpublished work of the young, tell us whether the oncoming generation is defeatist in its psychology? The question is not whether they should be, or might be, or may be defeatist, but whether they are. And the best evidence, even though partial and preliminary, should be found in what they write. They have published too little yet—their spokesmen are still too casual or exceptional (young, fluent talent rushing into print)—to depend upon the testimony of printed books, or even upon college magazines, where not the most authentic but the most facile and articulate imagination usually gets the right of way.

The term defeatist should be defined. It does not mean a fear of personal defeat so much as an expectation of social defeat—defeat for the best hopes and most approved ideals of the present social structure, defeat for any constructive plans for the future based upon the status quo, defeat most of all, for what the defeatist, given his wish, free of the pressure of circumstances, would choose for the future. Like the defeatist of 1917 and 1918, when the term first came into the news, no definite negative solution, no expected social philosophy, no one feared result unites the defeatists, but only the fatalism of anticipated change for the worse.

It can be said without much likelihood of contradiction that the middle generation of American writers have defeatist written on their foreheads. There are notable exceptions, even outside the sanguine army of those who write success stories for the magazines. Stephen Benét is not defeatist. Nor is Thornton Wilder. Nor the authors of "The Green Pastures." Nor the satirists of "Of Thee I Sing." Nor Vincent Millay. But among the novelists defeatism is strong. Hemingway is a defeatist. So is Caldwell. So is Faulkner. So is John O'Hara. Thomas Wolfe is saved from defeatism only by his abounding energy, so great that life itself seems invaluable to him even in defeat. Among the older novelists, Theodore Dreiser is the epitome, or rather the encyclopedia, of defeatism. Sinclair Lewis, in spite of his vitriol, is not a defeatist. Nor is H. L. Mencken. Robinson Jeffers is defeatism made epic. Willa Cather, a realist if there ever was one, is definitely anti-defeatist. So, of course, is the humorist, Booth Tarkington. So, one might say, are all humorists, among whom Mark Twain, who bore a tragic heart, was chief, and as surely anti-defeatist as he was against the optimists and the sentimentals.

But what of the young? The question is important, since they have, presumably, defeat to encounter, and certainly problems of an extraordinary complexity impending. Not their thinking, certainly not their present opinions, not even the upward or downward direction of the economic cycle, the political curve, the social barometer which will register their maturity, is of more importance, is of as much importance, as the morale of their emotions. One of the less hackneyed and particularly meaty lines of Shakespeare is Hamlet's "the readiness is all." We wish that someone would report upon the writings of the young.

Banned Books Anyone interested in literary censorship will find food for meditation in the collection of banned books now on exhibition in the club house of the Junior League of New York City. Here truly are strange bedfellows: the Bible and "Look Homeward, Angel," Roger Bacon's "Opus Maius" and "The Mikado," Marx's "Manifesto of the Communist Party" and Julia Peterkin's "Black April." Somewhere, at some time, each of these and hundreds of other books have been banned. Caligula forbade the Odyssey currency in ancient Rome on the ground that the ideals of freedom it embodied held a threat for his absolutism; Queen Elizabeth suppressed the deposition scene from "Richard II"; in imperial Russia Andersen's fairy tales fell under the ban and in the province of Hunan, China, "Alice in Wonderland"; Spinoza's "Ethics," "Don Quixote," and "Robinson Crusoe" all appear on the Index Expurgatorius of the Catholic Church; Boston banned Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," and Kipling's "A Fleet in Being" ran afoul of the censorship in England on the suspicion that its author (oh, ye gods!) was revealing naval secrets. When Hitler last year was holding a holocaust of books in Germany he was following in the footsteps of Savonarola who had consigned "The Divine Comedy" to the flames lest it corrode the public mind of Ranaissance Florence. So it goes.

Three major causes seem to urge the censors on—one the desire to maintain moral standards, a second the offense to religious taboos, and the third the fear of political complications. Both in Europe and America the Catholic Church has put a long list of books without the pale. Aside from this, in America, with few exceptions, it has been squeamishness as to the decency of a work that has brought it under the axe; in European countries, on the other hand, it has very frequently been doctrine which seemed to hold a menace to entrenched power. An autocratic monarch of Russia, like Nicholas I, could not brook an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" whose influence might be hostile to the institution of serfdom; Milton's England frowned on "The Areopagitica" and eighteenth century England on Thomas Paine's "The Rights of Man." Nazi Germany today denies circulation to Lenin's "The State and the Revolution," Italy and Czechoslovakia forbid Hitler's "Mein Kampf," and Soviet Russia outlaws Taine's "Philosophy."

In the unending battle between freedom of thought and political fear it is heartening to discover how futile censorship has been to restrain the progress of ideas. The teeth of the books which the censors feared have been drawn not by those who would have prevented their bite but by the mere fact that the ideas that seemed so menacing in one fashion or another became part of the public knowledge and eventually of public faith. The tenets these books set forth and the policies they advocated found their way into tolerance or observance. In proportion as a nation is free it has dared to allow any theory to be aired. Only as to morals, free countries like England and America are still constantly censorious. At least we can hope that before long even our Comstocks and Sumners will have had their day.

Ten Years Ago

The Saturday Review of May 16, 1925, listed the Pulitzer Prize awards in literature as follows:

Fiction
SO BIG
By Edna Ferber

Drama
THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED
By Sidney Howard

History
A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER
By Frederick L. Paxson

Biography
BARRETT WENDELL AND HIS LETTERS
By M. A. De Wolfe Howe

Poetry
Edwin Arlington Robinson

Today

The Saturday Review has held the presses for the story and photographs of the current Pulitzer Prize winners. See pages 6 and 7.

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Letters to the Editor: *Tracing the Origin of a Plot; Reading in a National Park*

Who Started It?

SIR:—I am anxious to trace the origin of a (to me) recently recurrent plot. I first came across it a couple of years ago as a short story by a very eminent contemporary English novelist, whose name I refrain from giving, not wishing to appear to be accusing him of plagiarism.

Very briefly, the plot is as follows:

An elderly, aristocratic lady living in a decayed house in Ireland decides to come out of her retirement, and give an elaborate and exclusive party, to spite some parvenus recently arrived in the district. The preparations are highly extravagant; a band is hired from London, and the catering provided from Dublin. On the night of the party the hostess, specially gowned for the occasion, waits for her guests in vain. No one appears except the parvenus who have not been invited. The old lady takes to her bed and dies of a broken heart. After her death there are found in her bureau all the invitations, stamped, addressed, and never mailed.

Having been considerably impressed by the story, I recounted the plot to an acquaintance. I have forgotten now who he was, but I remember his telling me that he had encountered it before, but in a French setting. He believed, but was not sure, that it was by Maupassant, and in the version he knew the non-appearance of the guests was due to the agency of a malicious child who destroyed the invitations out of spite.

Today, I have read the plot again. It recurs in its Irish setting, reprinted in the *Golden Book* for April, as an anecdote invented by Oscar Wilde, retold by W. Graham Robertson.

I am greatly puzzled by this recurrence and should be grateful if you or any of your readers could help me to trace the story to its origin.

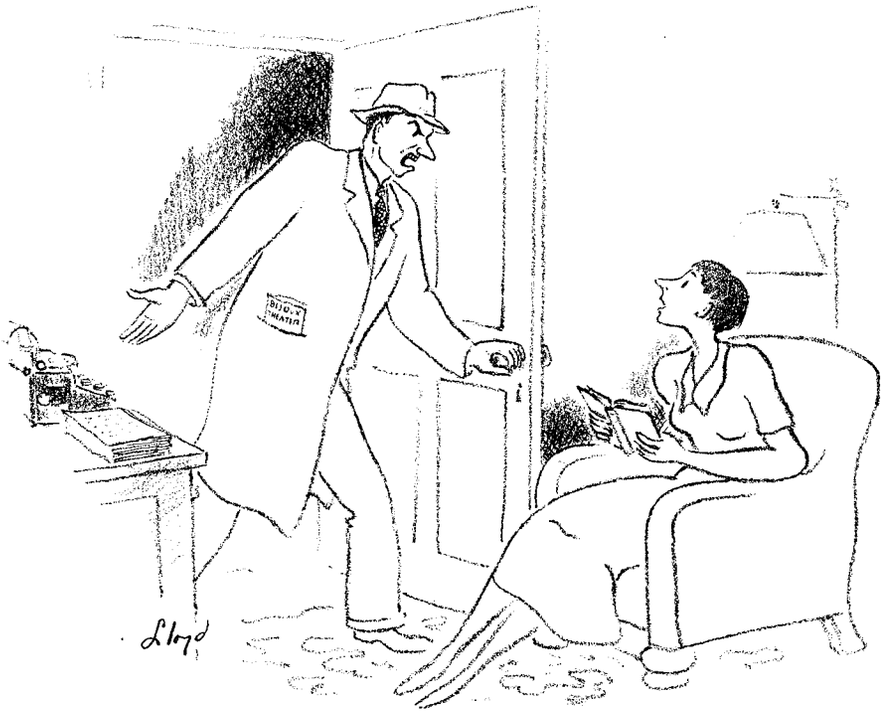
JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

New York City.

Yosemite Readers

SIR:—Few people know that there are such things as year round residents in National Parks. They see these places in their summer glory and think that from October until June they belong only to the wild life. Frequently to surprised Easterners we have to answer that we have families living here, that we send our children to a first class mountain school, that we have a PTA, a Hippodrome, yes, even a library.

We have a public library which contains 1,200 volumes. And through the California State Library at Sacramento, one can request any book not on its shelves. A small but good rental library is also maintained, and its assortment of new fiction and non-fiction is excellent. The owner says it is a losing proposition financially but doesn't mind. Yes, we have that kind of folks out West! Our newsstand stock is quite the largest and best I have ever seen anywhere. In addition to all the quality magazines we have about thirty of the monthly pulps. Cowboys are the most consistent readers of these "Western" thrillers.



"THE MOVIE THEY MADE OUT OF MY LAST BOOK IS JUST LIKE THE STORY I'M WRITING NOW!"

And practically everyone subscribes to several magazines and when finished turns them over to the librarian. She puts them in circulation for awhile and then turns them over to the CCC Camp where they are thoroughly thumbed. Circulation managers could gather some interesting facts here. One copy of *Fortune* is read by at least twenty persons. My own *Saturday Review of Literature* has a regular route of six awaiting it eagerly. So it is with *Harper's, Scribners, The Atlantic Monthly.*

If you think that there isn't a place left where reading is still a pleasure, where everything in print is anxiously awaited, where people still loll in the warmth of an Indian summer sun and read leisurely, peek in and view us sometime. This is America's land of *poco tiempo.*

F. R. CONNETT.

Yosemite National Park.

Robinson and Hardy

SIR:—In your issue of April 27th you published a letter which quotes a sonnet "For a Book by Thomas Hardy" as a poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson which had appeared only in a magazine and then, as your correspondent said, apparently had been forgotten.

This sonnet may be found in Mr. Robinson's privately printed first book, "The Torrent and the Night Before," which was printed for the author in 1896. In Mr. Robinson's first published book, "The Children of the Night," the Hardy sonnet appears again, this time on page 56. Your correspondent is correct in saying that it was not included in any of the volumes of collected poems published later, the probable reason for its omission being that the author had ceased to think well of it.

The privately printed pamphlet, "The Torrent and the Night Before," is a very rare little book, and I am under the impression that a copy which Mr. Robinson had presented to Thomas Hardy was sold at the American Art Galleries this winter and brought over $500. The copies presented to Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and President Eliot now are included in the Robinson Memorial Exhibition in the Widener Library, Cambridge.

LOUIS V. LEDOUX.

New York City.

Justice Holmes's Letters

SIR:—The late Mr. Justice Holmes has entrusted to Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, and to me the task of arranging for authoritative publications concerning his life and work, and by his will he appointed me Executor and left to me the use and disposal of his letters, papers, and memoranda, including his rights in letters written by him. Professor Frankfurter and I shall be grateful if any who possess letters of his which may be fitly made available for publication would communicate with me or send to me such letters as they are willing to allow us to examine. All such material will be copied and the originals returned to those who are kind enough to entrust them to me.

JOHN G. PALFREY.

84 State Street,
Boston, Mass.

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The Analysis of Fame

A Revelation of the Human Documents in "Who's Who"

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

WHO really is who? Who, indeed? "Who's Who" should provide the answer, at least so far as concerns society's collective Who in Britain. The trouble is that the answer is so collective, so formidably vast. The present edition* runs to 3693 pages of entries involving something like 30,000 miniature biographies.

Obviously there are numerous methods for approaching our problem of who really is who, and why. As a scientist, I feel that the quantitative method should first be given a chance. There are plenty of interesting questions to which it could provide an answer. For instance:—How many foreigners does the editor admit within the British precinct? In what proportion are the different professions and occupations represented in this Annual Hall of Fame? Are these proportions sensibly different for the British-born and the foreigners? What relation, if any, does length of entry bear to degree of eminence? What are the proportions of the sexes, both in bulk and detail?

I cannot claim to have penetrated very far along this road, but I have made a beginning. I have taken a random sample of over two hundred names, under a couple of letters of the alphabet, and present a few facts resulting from its preliminary analysis.

The Army, to my surprise, comes an easy first, with 34 entries out of 222. The mere fact of belonging to the Aristocracy ties for second place with Religion—19 each. Literature also accounts for 19, but only when it is enlarged by journalism and publishing. Then come Foreign and Imperial administration, including the diplomatic and consular services (17); Finance and Business (16); Science and Engineering (15); representatives of academic learning in other fields than science (14); Home politics and administration (13); the Navy, surprisingly low with 12; Medicine (10); the Fine Arts, Music, and Architecture (8); Education (8); Miscellaneous (7); Law (6); the Air Force and Aviation in general (3); and last the Drama, including both acting and management, with only 2. (The Miscellaneous, by the way, include a food expert, a girl guide organizer, and a traveler.)

The male sex ratio is very high. In fact, there are only 6 women in the sample, or less than 3 per cent, and 4 of these are in literature.

Non-Britishers are much more generously treated than mere females, there being 26 of them. Ten of these are from the United States, 9 are Hindus, 4 Europeans, 2 from the British Dominions, and one is a native African.

However, the selection of representatives of foreign countries is curiously haphazard. For instance. Hemingway is in, but not Faulkner; Sherwood Anderson, but not Stark Young; William Beebe, but not Thomas Barbour; Lindbergh, but not Professor Piccard; Frankie Buchman of the Oxford Groups, but not Aimée Semple MacPherson; Edith Wharton, but not Gertrude Stein; Charles Seltzer (author of "The Boss of the Lazy Y," etc., etc.), but not Christopher Morley; Mary Garden, but not Lawrence Tibbett; General Smuts, but not General Botha; Ethel Barrymore, but not Ruth Draper; the Abbé Dimnet, but not Ogden Nash. . . . It is all very mysterious.

This quantitative method of study is capable of almost indefinite extension. In fact, it might be good for the progress of science if for a year, say, the sociologists of the United States were to relinquish all other research, and make a vast coöperative study, intensive, extensive, and comparative, of "Who's Whos" of the world.

There is the question of Clubs, for instance. What sort of men are those without a single club, and those who belong to more than one? Is there as much correlation as is popularly supposed between clubs and professions—the Athenæum and the upper ranges of an ecclesiastical career, for instance, or the Authors' and the practice of literature? There is further the question of recreation. What sort of men, on the average, are they who have no recreations, or at least do not record them? Of what type are the comparatively rare few who comply with editorial request and insert their motor-car numbers? What types of men and women omit to state their ages?

On all these and many other points of absorbing interest "Who's Who" could provide an answer if only sociological science would undertake the research. Unfortunately, the statistical labor involved is too great for an unaided worker, and I must pass on to the less precise but none the less absorbing facts to be gained by the merely qualitative methods of browsing and pouncing.

I cannot pretend, for example, to any precision of result on the question of length of entry. For a considerable time, I thought that the record was held by Nicholas Murray Butler—a proud position for a foreigner to hold among alien hosts! But he is exceeded by another *Bu*, curiously enough—Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, the archeologist, who runs to 165 lines against N. M. B.'s 135 (and this in spite of the list of the latter's foreign orders running to 20 lines).

However, it is true that the United States entries tend to be on the long side. Professor Rice of the Peabody Museum gets—or perhaps one should say takes—108: by the way, he achieves what appears to be a record in the matter of club memberships, listing 22 (as against the mere 16 of Will Hays). Harry Elmer Barnes has 106; Irving Fisher 89 (as against H. A. L. Fisher's humble 42). That is three American "centenarians": among other nationals I can find but one—Monsieur Bouchor, French artist (101); and in the ranks of the far more numerous British I can only trace seven.

By way of contrast with these long entries we find that even Mr. H. G. Wells's formidable list of publications (he does not, however, cite his articles) only gives him 84 lines, while Shaw has 65; Mussolini and General Smuts are content with 32, the Rockefellers, Sr. and Jr., with 29 and 18 respectively, Lloyd George with 21, Franklin Roosevelt

"Hemingway is in . . .

. . . but not Faulkner"

* *Who's Who*, 1935 (*87th year of issue*). *New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1935. $15.

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with 18. However, for real restraint give me Stalin. Let me quote his entry in full.

> STALIN, Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashirli [surely, by the way, this is one of Who's Who's rare misprints: should it not be Djugashvili?] b. Gori, Tiflis Province, 1879; m. Nadejda Sergeyevna Alleluya (d. 1932); 2 c. Address: The Kremlin, Moscow, Russia.

I suppose, however, this entry is an editorial production. For personal modesty give me Professor Griquard, who though he once divided the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, takes up but 5 lines. I like too his publication:—"Traité de Chimie Organique (10 vols.), commencera à paraître en 1934."

No, the correspondence between length of entry and degree of eminence is not high. It is, however, doubtless positive: I should put the coefficient of correlation at about 0.2, perhaps 0.3.

One curious point is the stern, almost puritanical, attitude taken up by the Editors to the theatre and the screen. Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks get reasonable entries. The only producers I can find are Alexander Korda and Jesse Lasky. Mary Pickford and George Arliss receive 8 lines each, and the Garbo 5; but Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Jean Harlow, Katharine Hepburn, and even Mae West are absent, as are Clark Gable, Gilbert, Cagney, and all four of the Marx Brothers. Even on the stage, and the British stage at that, there are curious gaps: for instance, I can't find Leslie Howard, Diana Wynyard, or Elsa Lanchester.

This is the only general criticism I have of this very great work. No one can, or at least ought to, deny that Norma Shearer, Cecil de Mille, or Harpo Marx are most definitely WHO, much more so than professors and second-rate novelists, or the hordes of Brigadier-Generals and Archdeacons.

Another gap concerns royalty. There is a sort of proem concerning the British Royal Family, but nothing whatever concerning other monarchs, which seems a pity, and also illogical. Even ex-kings, however much in the public eye, are omitted. The only exceptions to the rule are subject kings, like the King of Buganda.

Of course, the most obvious source of interest for the reviewer is to be found under *Recreations*. For years George Bernard Shaw's "Anything except sport" has been a classic *mot*. The Sitwells live up to their reputation for demanding public notice. Osbert recreates himself by "entertaining the rich and charity generally"; Sacheverell by "model aeroplanes, plats régionaux, improvisation, the bull ring." Edith has no specific recreation, but she makes up for this by giving her antipathies: "in early youth took an intense dislike to simplicity, morris-dancing, a sense of humor, and every kind of sport except reviewer-baiting, and has continued these distastes ever since."

The Sitwellian sense of satire is further

"Anderson . . .

illuminated by such entries as this of Sacheverell's, "*educ.* Eton Coll.; Balliol College, Oxford. Left latter owing to continued success of Gilbert and Sullivan season at Oxford; mainly self-educated." Or, even more, by Osbert's "*educ.* during the holidays from Eton . . . was put down for M.C.C. on day of birth by W. G. Grace, but has now abandoned all other athletic interests in order to urge the adoption of new sports such as: Pelota, Kif-Kif, and the Pengo (especially the latter)." Considering the high cost of composition, ought not the editors to undertake some cutting in cases such as this?

. . . but not Stark Young."

Included among the recreations of the following celebrities are these:—Naomi Mitchison, "hitting back"; E. S. P. Haynes, "divorce law reform"; Sir Denison Ross, "languages" (it is interesting how frequently a man's job provides him with his recreation); Benito Mussolini, "violino, equitazione, scherma, automobilismo, aviazione"; A. M. Low, the writer on popular science, "the encouragement of scientific research"; Sir William Bowden, the newspaper proprietor, "lecturing for charitable and educational purposes" (Golly! but this is not unique—Professor Henderson of the University of North Carolina, lists simply "public lecturing"); Senator Gogarty of the Irish Free State, "archery and aviation"—delightful combination; the Rev. Hon. E. Lyttelton, late Headmaster of Eton, "scenery" (this is curiously rare; perhaps many people include it under *travel*); Sean O'Casey, sweepingly and, it seems to me, rather rashly, "everything except work"; M. E. G. Sebastian, D.S.O., British Consular Service, "needlework"; Athene Seyler "walking, talking." It is an interesting commentary on the social conventions that whereas music is set down quite commonly, and at least Ernest Hemingway has had the courage to include *drinking*, nowhere can I find either *gambling* or *women* as a recreation.

Often the biographies include fascinating facts. A hint that Epstein may possess an inferiority complex is given by the remark that his work on the British Medical Association, though "attacked by newspapers, religious bodies, etc., was defended by *Times*." It is pleasant to know that J. D. Rockefeller senior has given away more than $500,000,000 in charity. It is also pleasant that in these days of specialization such a paragon of versatility can exist as Dr. Satischandra Bagchi, principal of the University Law College at Calcutta who, in addition to numerous legal works, notably on the "Juristic Personality of Hindu Deities," has written books on "The Mathematics of Transformation and Quantum Theory"; "Rabelais"; and "Morality in Art," besides translating French stories into Bengali.

It is tempting to browse on. Almost every page has its rewards. The clergyman whose recreations are caricature and philately; the fact that Marie Stopes mentions her marriage to her first husband, but that he does not mention the fact of his marriage to Marie Stopes; the omission by H. G. Wells of any mention of the first marriage for which in his autobiography he finds so much space; the fact that neither Sir Charles Sherington nor Miss Ethel M. Dell give their ages. . . . But I must refrain.

"Who's Who" is a great work. It is not only so useful as to be all but indispensable; not only, as I have tried to point out, one of the world's most valuable sourcebooks in sociology; but also contains more interesting specimens of what are usually known as "human documents" than any other work in existence. And if you think the price is high, reflect that it works out at less than one-half a cent per closely printed page—far cheaper than a novel.

Mr. Huxley has modestly refrained from stating that "Who's Who" awards him forty-five lines, that he is a noted British scientist, the director of the London Zoo, and that his recreations are "travel, bird-watching, lawn tennis, etc."

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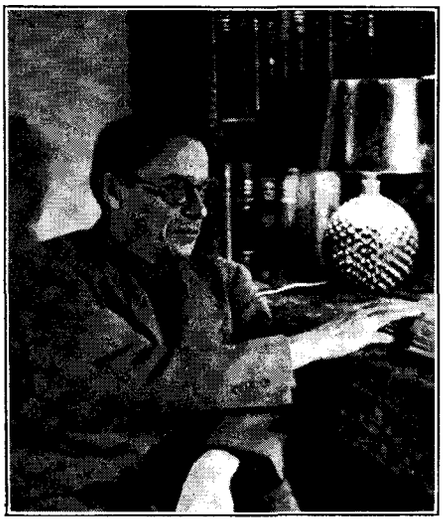

HORACE GREGORY

Solo With Chorus

CHORUS FOR SURVIVAL. By Horace Gregory. New York: Covici, Friede. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OF all the poets who have "emerged" during the last five or six years none is more distinctive than Horace Gregory. His "Chelsea Rooming House," with its half-detached, half-indignant, and always penetrating observation, promised such distinction; the more lyrical "No Retreat" assured it; "Chorus for Survival" confirms it. The three books give us a fairly rounded picture of the poet: young but well out of his apprenticeship; experimental but almost, if not entirely, free of his influences, chief of which is the juxtaposed classic-rhetorical and ironic-colloquial method popularized by T. S. Eliot. We see him as something of a modern realist and something of an abstracted metaphysician; a man intensely aware of the irrational world about him and, determined, somehow, to impose an order, if not reason, upon it; a poet who seizes upon the least consequential figures as symbols charged with significance and who brings a firm personality to bear upon the impersonal event.

"Chorus for Survival" is the most frankly personal of Gregory's volumes. The intense self-participation is declared in the eloquent Prologue, which is a sort of Prothelamion 1935 Model, with its nervous music:

> Wake with thy song
> the voices
> Of men who cannot sleep:
> We count our losses
> In decimals of time, the ten per cent
> Of what we hope: To let:
> the naked bed, the folding chair,
> Space for the body motionless in air,
> Permit survival if we stand alone.
> Voiceless we smile; we are not violent.

It lifts itself vividly in the adjuration and apostrophe to himself in the section "Let me survive"; nostalgically in the poems recalling his youth by the Great Lakes; symbolically in the fourteenth section, in which Emerson figures to point an American panorama; gravely in the concluding lines "For you, my son, I write of what we were." Some may object to a certain obscurity of utterance, a confusion of image and effect. But such obscurity (where it exists) is not, I believe, wilful. Nor does it proceed from a desire to overcompensate for a paucity of the imagination. I should say it was quite the reverse, that the images crowd upon Gregory with such force that his mind leaps from one to the other, taking the ellipses in his stride—and the reader is sometimes unable to take the leap with him. As in Gerard Hopkins's poetry—and, more recently, in much of Stephen Spender's and some of C. Day Lewis's—the rapid progress from image to image, the very tension during that transit, frequently results in a surface obscurity. But, as Lewis says in his "A Hope for Poetry," if the reader will allow the images "to cohabit in his mind for a little, he will find that the contact is made, a spark thrown off which illuminates the whole situation." The appeal may be tangential, or circuitous, or highly associative, but it is there.

This is not to say that the reader will have difficulties with all of "Chorus for Survival." The appeal is often as direct as it is definite. Only the careless or antagonistic reader will fail to find the communication in the poems I have mentioned, or in the lines beginning "Through streets where crooked Wicklow flows" (a poem which shows that Gregory can write orthodox rhymed couplets with the best of them), or the touching tribute to the memory of James Oppenheim (section 15), which reproduces the inflection as well as the spirit of a sick poet, dying, his dream unheard.

Here is fresh proof that the new poets are not committed to a program of defeat and despair. Among the younger writers, one thinks of such affirmative poets as James Agee, Merrill Moore, Robert Penn Warren, Jesse Stuart, Helen Goldbaum, John Holmes, Hortense Landauer. The name of Horace Gregory comes even more quickly to mind. Which is as it should be.

Louis Untermeyer was recently awarded a prize by the Italian government for his book, "The Donkey of God."

Nothing to Lose

A WORLD TO WIN. By Jack Conroy. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

TWO years ago Jack Conroy's first novel, "The Disinherited"—really a well-strung-together collection of well-written episodes in the life of a young American—created a considerable stir in the sadly limited department of the American book-reading public interested in what was then beginning to be called proletarian literature. It reached, I think, two or three printings, it is still read, and there probably hasn't been an article on the subject of proletarian literature in the last two years that failed to mention it. It deserved all the attention it received. It is among the best four or five recent American books dealing with the lives and problems of workers. Mr. Conroy has also made a success of *The Anvil*, the magazine he edits and, I think, prints in his hometown of Moberly, Mo., and which is devoted entirely to short stories and sketches about workers and the submerged and disinherited elements in our population. In short, he is one of the leaders in the movement which aims to demonstrate "that the life of common workers and the stench of their sweat and toil are as authentic literary material as the vicissitudes of society women." This second novel takes its title from the last half of the Marx-Engel appeal to the proletariat to unite: "You have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to win."

JACK CONROY

"A World to Win" is a much more ambitious work than was the previous book. It deals with the life of not just one but four people caught in the meshes of the socio-economic system now current in America. It is much more integrated as a story than is "The Disinherited." It contains some good writing. Also, here and there are passages of rather shabby writing. And in not a few spots the story is a little strained. Somehow, Robert and Leo do not appear to embrace the class struggle as naturally and unavoidably as do the people at the end of a comparable novel, Grace Lumpkin's "To Make My Bread."

However, Jack Conroy, a former worker of thirty-six, has become a writer of great energy and promise and, with some luck, is almost bound to be increasingly noteworthy.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Driving License

I'VE just remembered, it's time to renew my driving license. I take it out and look at it—yes, it "Expires Midnight, May 31, 1935." I carry it always in my left postern pocket, in a leather folder which has acquired a delicate sedentary curvature. And it occurs to me, what a terse matter-of-fact little document it is for the possibilities it suggests. Department of Taxation and Finance, it says; Bureau of Motor Vehicles. Color, White; Sex, Male; Weight, 190 lbs. I've set down my weight at 190 on those licenses for several years now—always thinking that before anyone's likely to check me up, I'll get back to that figure. Color of hair, Brown. I wonder if I ought to mention that it's getting a little frosty above the ears? And there's a rubber stamp that got onto the license not long ago. It says Valid Only When Holder Wears Glasses.

All this is very inadequate as a symbol of what that piece of paper means. To every one it will have its own special suggestions. To me it means catching or meeting the Long Island trains, or driving to our country Post Office for the mail, or the old and now almost deserted Motor Parkway that winds for miles through lonely woods and prairies. It means the hot dog stand at the top of the hill that goes down to Cold Spring Harbor—a stand kept by a friendly fellow who once had to ride into France with a German cavalry regiment and who much prefers Long Island. That piece of paper means the stony beach along the Sound, where Connecticut lies so clear a profile when the weather's from the lucid north. And then, as memory hurries forward, it means the ferries from Port Washington or Oyster Bay or Port Jeff—and all New England under your wheels. How excited the children were the first time they saw a billboard advertising Codfish Cakes.

And that reminds me, I want to ask a question. The other day, beside a little freshwater lake in upState New York I saw the sign *Shore Dinners*. On Long Island a Shore Dinner always means, of course, Sea Food. Is it fair to speak of Shore Dinners when it isn't salt water?

I guess the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles is wise to stick to the necessary facts and not to attempt the huge and various suggestions of that piece of paper.

Salesman in Scandinavia

I want to give space today to some of the adventures of a much admired correspondent, Mr. W. S. Hall, who has been exploring the European book-markets. Mr. Hall writes from Stockholm:—

"I fortunately grabbed a front room here for 12 Kronor ($3) per day & look across a boisterous narrow stretch of water—the Norrström—to the Royal Palace. It's a busy waterfront with ferries of all shapes & sizes constantly coming and going, the quays lined with fishermen, onlookers watching their luck, & the sardine boats which drop enormous circular nets from a boom off the stern, wind it up & scoop the silvery mass with a hand net. The gulls are the whitest and largest I've seen with here and there an occasional "dead engineer." Stockholm is a surpassingly beautiful city, a mixture of Edinburgh and Venice I imagine.

"I met Earle Balch on the *Manhattan* which shortened the trip considerably, also my sleeping hours. For a cabin ship the hours were scandalous, practically nobody showing up for breakfast. Balch at least got to bed in decent time one night when he walked out on me and Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager. He claimed he couldn't stand Joe's emerald green woolen shirt & Scotch tam-o-shanter. Heifetz was on board also but if he played his violin it must have been early in the morning.

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN FINNISH

"Paris is pretty much in the dumps. Things are terribly expensive & if I'd stayed there much longer I'd never have had carfare to Brussels. Thank God the taxis are cheap for I found myself scurrying back and forth over the river hunting the bookshops. To get to my hotel I always had to say its name (*Vouillemont*) several times and in several ways before anyone could understand. I finally printed it and the address, *rue Boissy d'Anglas,* on a big card & waved it in front of the driver.

"Brussels is having an exhibition this summer but the uncertainty about the currency holds things back. I'm sorry to say there is much talk of war going on. I think, because everyone expects war, it will come. Germany has everybody very much worried. I stopped in Hamburg on way from Amsterdam to Copenhagen. The place is ablaze with Nazi symbols. I strolled down to the Atlantic Hotel, on der Alster, where I stayed in 1932. Over the fireplace in the lobby where formerly hung an Old Master now hangs the New Master, Herr Hitler, in a ¾ length oil painting of heroic size. And the pity of it is, it's a poor painting.

"I have had no passport troubles. But my usually infallible camera is either playing me tricks or the gentlemen who develop the films are. For I notice that the shots I've taken from boats, of harbors etc., are returned to me quite blank. When I express mild surprise I'm informed the fault must be mine. Maybe it is.

"The bookstores in Helsinki took my breath away. I am told there is no illiteracy in Finland and that everybody buys books. I quite believe it. English is only the fourth language there—Finnish, Swedish, German, English—but the English departments seem to have practically everything. You'll get the size idea when I tell you that at Akateeminen Kirjakauppa, the larger of the two biggest shops, the shelf space equals 19.2 kilometres (about 12 miles). In case you're wondering how far Helsinki is from Helsingfors, it's the same place. The former name is Finnish, the other the Swedish form.

"I sent you from Akateeminen a copy of the best atlas I've ever seen, the *Hansa Welt-Atlas.* It's on sale everywhere I go, the price about 50c. Also a copy of a Sherlock Holmes story in Finnish. If you don't get the title from the cover illustration, *at once,* you'd better resign from the Baker Street Irregulars.

"It's just one o'clock & I have to stop for the band. Every day at this time a glorious military band marches past the Royal Palace, breaking into fifes and drums only after they're well past the entrance. And speaking of music, each hotel orchestra seems better than the previous one. They're all miniature Philharmonics. One thing that strikes me as curious but pleases me is the almost entire lack of applause. Coming from a country of too easy applause (in music & everything else) I suppose it seems strange. Only on rare occasions when the violinist or pianist has had to accomplish a difficult solo passage have I heard any clapping of hands and even then only scattering. They're accus-

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tomed to good music, they're paying for it, so why get too excited? One thing I would like to applaud loudly is the food, also the Scandinavian women. What with listening to the music, eating the food, & looking at the women, to say nothing of calling on the bookshops, I've been kept busy. The women have practically perfect figures—not all of them; only the ones I'm talking about. But they look cold. I hope it isn't true. I *do* like the way the men stride into a dining room with these superb creatures trailing after them like squaws. Teaches them discipline.

"If this is undiscovered country for American books, it's the same thing only emphatically more so for the *Saturday Review*. Some American books *have* found their way here but I have yet to see one *S. R. L.* or find one dealer who knows about it. This seems strange, for the curiosity about American literature & literary figures is actual and growing. Most of the shops also have busy periodical counters bristling with magazines in all languages. For myself I haven't seen a *S. R.* since I left N. Y. and I do *miss* it.

"To know Finnish you've got to know Finnish, nothing else helps; though I've heard that somehow a Hungarian and a Finn can understand each other. The single recognizable word I saw was on my laundry bill—*pyjamas*. Even words like telephone and automobile, easily spotted in other languages, are rare & strange in Finnish.

"A few Vital Statistics by the W. S. H. Bureau of Investigation Export Division:—

"BRUSSELS: The dogs in this city need a thorough overhauling. Practically all of them are of mixed ancestry, there are too many of them, they are too fat, also too old. I saw one rheumy old bitch I remembered from 3 years ago. I recognized the plaid blanket.

"THE HAGUE: A city of bicycles. All are the same with high handle bars and painted black, lacking gaiety. Everyone seems to commute to business on a wheel, clerks, stenographers, lovers (the girl resting her hand on the man's arm), the bosses in top hats, and all at a slow, dignified, straight-backed pace. No hurry or scurry or confusion.

"AMSTERDAM: Canals, canals, and canals. What happens when someone falls in? The sides are stone blocks, perfectly sheer, no railings. The time must be limited in which one could, fully clothed, swim around looking for help. The marine section of the street-cleaning department moves up and down the canals in a scow. The crew, armed with long hook-ended poles, pry around in the water & bring up —to mention a few finds on the deck of one of them—bicycles, baby carriages, chairs. No bodies, though I suspect the crowd of onlookers were waiting for relatives.

W. S. H."

If anyone ever wonders how college students spend their time, this was a partial list of public events I culled from one week's schedule on a recent visit to Wellesley. *Wednesday,* a poetry reading. *Thursday,* a visitor from Mt. Holyoke on "European Youth Conferences." *Friday,* President W. A. Neilson of Smith College speaking in celebration of Honors Day. Also an illustrated lecture by a Swedish professor about Robinson Crusoe's Island and a lecture by Miss Amy Kelly on Eleanor of Aquitaine as Patron of the Arts. *Saturday,* a debate with Yale: That the U. S. should adopt a policy of economic nationalism. And a performance of *The Merchant of Venice. Sunday,* a visiting preacher from the First Congregational Church of Milton. *Monday,* a performance of Plautus's *Menaechmi. Tuesday,* Professor Romera-Navarro of the University of Pennsylvania on "Lope de Vega, el hombre y el artista."

There are, according to the *Publishers' Weekly,* 675 college bookstores in this country. I often wonder why some of the regular trade publishers (as distinct from textbook houses) are slow to study their needs and tastes. In them, more than anywhere else, lies the hope and future of the book business.

I wish I might have had time at Wellesley to see their renowned library, and the books left to the college by Professor George Herbert Palmer. Speaking of whom, a Wellesley professor mentioned the dear old man's recklessness in crossing streets of traffic; it being his inalienable conviction, as a philosopher, that the pedestrian has the right of way and the vehicle must avoid. Which reminded my friend of an epitaph too good not to quote:—

This is the grave of William Hay
Who died asserting his right of way.
His path was clear, his right was strong—
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

In spite of all the talk about Children's Books I simply don't believe those of today are in it with the great juveniles of the 90's. That was the time to be learning to read. Publishers nowadays can't afford to have books illustrated by such artists. I'm truly sorry for anyone who had to grow up without getting fixed in his memory some of the pictures that fascinated us. Think of W. H. Drake's drawings in the *Jungle Book* (1894) —"The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder," or the scene of Mowgli skinning Shere Khan. Think of A. B. Frost's pictures for the 1895 edition of *Uncle Remus,* or Reggie Birch's for John Bennett's *Master Skylark* ('97). Or what C. E. Brock did for *Gulliver's Travels* (Macmillan, 1894). Or *Wild Animals I Have Known* in '98. Think of Howard Pyle, Walter Crane, Palmer Cox. Did you have books like those?

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The Literary Left Grows Up

(*Continued from page 4*)

society. Now, I am not sure why this is heresy, for I tend to get lost when metaphysicians argue. But heresy it was, and Sidney Hook was cast into outer darkness.

Both Burke and Frank, like Hook, start with the subjective consciousness of man. Frank differs from Hook in being a "monist," which conveys nothing of either joy or sorrow to me. (I cannot see why the Spinozan intuition of "God-in-all-things" gives any pleasure or consolation to a man who is being run over by the God who happens at the moment to be immanent in a taxicab wheel or being shot by the God who is immanent in a .32 bullet.) But the "monism" of Frank is beside the point, as is the "pluralism" of Burke. The point is that both Frank and Burke, like Hook, are revolutionary "free-willers," Arminians of the class struggle, and to be a "free-willer" means that the other side has the opportunity to out-will you and win the battle. When Hook was urging the "free-will" attitude, the High Command of the Communist Party would not stand for it. But Frank and Burke are welcomed to the revolutionary ranks, at least insofar as they are willing to fight against war and fascism.

Why, then, was not Sidney Hook invited to attend the Congress? It was explained to me that Trotskyites were ignored because of their propensity for reducing all things to a quarrel over the relative merits of Trotsky and Stalin. Evidently there was a division of opinion as to whether Edmund Wilson should be invited to sign the call for the Writers' Congress; but it is a fact that he was not. Max Eastman was not present at the sessions. Nor were Lewis Corey, Charles Beard, Suzanne La Follette, Louis Adamic, Louis Hacker, Selden Rodman, Robert Whitcomb, Hartley Grattan, Benjamin Stolberg, George Novack, Clifton Fadiman, and Carleton Beals—all of whom are certainly opposed to "war and fascism." Perhaps some of them were invited and refused to attend. Will they be invited to join the League of American Writers which is now in process of formation? If they are not, the League cannot be properly called "a united front," and efforts to picture it as a "united front" will be disingenuous. Without the radicals who dissent from the communist position, but who are nevertheless opposed to a dictatorship of the Right and to war in general, the League will be just another "innocent club"—consisting of communists and of supporting writers who just don't talk about radical tactics in politics. As matters stood at the Congress, there was less of a "united front" than there is on this year's list of Guggenheim fellowship winners.

The great weakness of the Congress, it seemed to me, was its failure to provide for writers on social problems in general, for historians, for political analysts. Without wishing to cast any aspersions whatsoever on poets, novelists, and dramatists, I must say that they seem far less important to political change than the writers on social problems. Who contributed more to the Puritan cause in England, Milton the pamphleteer or Milton the poet? Who had more to do with the pre-war progressive movement in politics, Henry Demarest Lloyd, Ida Tarbell, and Lincoln Steffens—or Winston Churchill and David Graham Phillips? What novel had the pre-revolutionary importance in 18th century France of Rousseau's "Social Contract" or Voltaire's pamphleteering attacks on the church? Did Gorki's short stories or did Lenin's journalism create the Bolshevik party? Admitting the role of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in creating anti-slavery sentiment, did Harriet Beecher Stowe or did the speeches of the fire-eaters on both sides in Congress do more

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to lead to the Civil War? If novels are so important, why did "Mein Kampf" triumph over the combined works of Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, Doblin, Plivier, Renn, and Arnold Zweig in Germany?

I am not speaking in derogation of creative literature. But the very nature of the poem, the play, or the novel, which require a long period of immersion on the part of the author, dictates an "after-the-fact" role for creative literature. A novel, to be good, must "mature." And it will generally mature at a time when the crisis is past. That is why Malcolm Cowley was right in asking, not "What can the writer do for the Revolution?," but "What can the Revolution do for the writer?" It can, one reiterates, give the writer energy and a working direction. But by the time the energy and the direction bear good fruit, the political analyst, the journalist, the pamphleteer, will have long since broadcast the insight of the creative artist.

Burke's paper, on "symbolism," was the only one that had any direct political significance. In it Burke urged communists to drop the appeal to the "worker," which touches the imagination of only a small percentage of Americans (whether rightly or wrongly is beside the point), and substitute for it the older symbol of "the people." His suggestion precipitated a hot argument, and he was howled down. The gist of the attack on Burke was this; that fascists appeal to the "people." That is just the trouble; they do. Why does their appeal succeed? I wish I knew. But certainly the important American "left" writer will be the one who analyzes and formulates in such a way as to keep the fascists from making their appeal, and in such a way as to promote an economic equality and abundance that will make fascism seem like a nightmare. Naturally, I hope that political democracy will not be lost in the process of creating economic democracy. The question of properly "transvaluating civil rights" in a period that calls for economic democracy is, as Benjamin Stolberg has intimated, one that might reasonably engage a league of American Writers. But so far, the communists, who called the Congress, have not been willing to permit deviations here from their own line, which calls for a "dictatorship of the proletariat." As a candidate for the League of American Writers, I wish to ask: "Can the communists be so certain they have the key to the future?" May not a labor party yet succeed in voting socialism? No "left" party with revolutionary will has ever had a clear majority in any Western parliament, not even in Germany, where many of the Social Democrats regarded the supercession of capitalism with horror, even as certain New Deal democrats regard the prospect of its passing in America with horror. How do we know paliamentarism is dead? I am not certain that ballots will do. But I am certain that if ballots will not do, then the fascists, who have the advantage of position, will win.

Problem for the Book Reviewer

THE LAST OF MR. NORRIS. By Christopher Isherwood. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN this novel was published in England a short time ago, under the title of "Mr. Norris Changes Trains," it presented the reviewers with something of a problem. How could its quality be defined, and its subject matter be conveyed, without making it all sound more than a little unpleasant? How could the ingratiating character of Mr. Norris be introduced to the worthy British public in a light that would evoke amused and charitable understanding, rather than downright disgust? Ticklish questions, these, from which you may gather that this is no ordinary novel, and

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

that the problem of reviewing it is not peculiar to one side of the Atlantic. It is Mr. Isherwood's triumph that he has succeeded in making a silk purse, stitched with extraordinary cunning, not out of a sow's ear, but out of the miscellaneous filth and garbage that are dear to pigs, and to certain human beings. He has made the unbeautiful fascinating, and has extracted pleasure for himself, and for fit readers, from themes and characters essentially unpleasant. Writing of vice and viciousness with candor and a lightly pervasive irony, he has not sought to make them attractive or to whitewash them, but he so dealt with them that they excite laughter and a kind of compassionate sympathy, rather than repulsion. Certain readers will doubtless be shocked and disturbed by Mr. Norris—to say nothing of Baron von Pregnitz, Olga, Anni, and Schmidt—but it cannot be repeated too often that all books are not for all readers. I confess to being repelled by one element in this novel that otherwise delights me; but of that, later.

The title should have been, I think, "The Discovery of Mr. Norris." For that is what the story is,—the discovery of Mr. Arthur Norris by William Bradshaw, who is made to tell the tale in the first person. The two men meet in the compartment of a train crossing Holland, bound for Berlin. That is on page one. From that point onward, until the last page of the book, the revelation of Mr. Norris is continuous. With Bradshaw we participate in the unfolding knowledge. Superficial facts are, of course, the first acquired. Mr. Norris is of uncertain age; he wears a wig, beautifully made; his forehead is marble white, his cheeks a ripe red, and his charming smile reveals teeth that are like broken rocks. His hands are white, small, and exquisitely manicured. He is given to tittering when he talks. His clothes are expensive. But the first thing that one notices is that his eyes are an unusually light blue. Later, Bradshaw can say of them: "Here were no windows to the soul. They were merely part of his face, light-blue jellies, like naked shell-fish, in the crevices of a rock." At the frontier Bradshaw notices that the German officials examine his new acquaintance's passport with unusual care. But Mr. Norris is permitted to proceed to Berlin, where the two temporarily part company with mutual promises that they will arrange an early meeting.

In the Berlin of 1931, William Bradshaw and Arthur Norris see much of each other, and certain startling revelations of the latter's character are not long delayed. Obviously, he is a swindler of sorts, of all sorts, and he has served a term in prison. Blackmail is one of his lines, and he in turn is held a kind of captive by the threat of blackmail on the part of his sinister "secretary" Schmidt. His activities have crisscrossed the globe, but as the years have passed he has found it advisable to avoid countries where he is too well known. Mr. Norris is not only a man of business, he is a man of pleasure,—of peculiar pleasures. He embodies a subtle blend of boot-fetishism and masochism. He entertains young men at his country villa in Mecklenburg, and dreams rapturously of some day living in a lonely island inhabited exclusviely by himself and seven adorable youths.

You begin, I trust, to perceive something of the character of Mr. Norris, and of the milieu in which Mr. Isherwood's story runs its three-year course. There is no need to tell more of that story here,—no need to dwell upon Mr. Norris's double-dealings with the communist party, his betrayal of his friends, and his final despairing cry to Bradshaw, by letter from Rio: "Tell me, William, *what* have I done to deserve all this?" The irony of that amazing question is not forced, for Mr. Norris genuinely thought of himself as a kindly, honorable, and much abused man. And, thanks to Mr. Isherwood's artistry, there is genuine pathos in the plaint

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beneath its ironic overtones. Astonishingly enough, one cannot dislike Arthur Norris. He enjoys a certain kinship with the notorious Fr. Rolfe, otherwise known as Baron Corvo. Rolfe, too, was mad enough to think that the world had done him ill, undeservedly; and he could ask the same final question as Norris, with as much sincerity. But Rolfe was hard and bitter, whereas Mr. Norris is soft and appealing. No, one does not dislike him. But it is possible, even easy, to dislike the shadowy character of William Bradshaw. He is the repellent factor in the novel to which I referred earlier. Mr. Norris is, unequivocally, what he is. What Bradshaw may be, only God and Mr. Isherwood know.

Form but not Formula

MARIANNE IN INDIA, and Seven Other Tales. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Basil Creighton. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE eight stories in this book, says Herr Feuchtwanger in his prefatory note, represent those of his shorter stories which he could still lay his hands on after most of his manuscripts were destroyed by National Socialists in Berlin. Three of them were included as episodes in their author's long novel, "Success."

So he tells us; but no one would be able to guess that any of the stories in this volume had ever been intended to do anything but stand by itself; for Herr Feuchtwanger shows, what must be very rare among writers of enormous novels and trilogies, that he is as much at home in the form of the briefest short story. The book is, of course, not all of even quality. "The Little Season" is a trifle artificial. "History of the Brain Specialist Dr. B1," is more than a trifle shallow and obvious; but then it is a satire on a dictator, and we must pardon a writer who has been exiled by the National Socialists for striking at a dictator, and must pardon any one who aims at that broad target for making his satire obvious.

The other six tales, however, are of a clear excellence throughout. The title story, "Marianne in India," tells of the voyage on which a gentleman who turns out to be Warren Hastings falls in love with another man's wife, and how she regretfully decides to give up her husband for Hastings's prospects, and how their marriage turned out. It has the subtlety, the irony, the knowledge, and, one would have said, the amount of matter, which would have sufficed for a novel, and yet there is no sense of crowding on the canvas; the story is a novel seen through a diminishing glass, which preserves the shapes and sharpens the colors. Equally well Herr Feuchtwanger can make one of his *contes* with a magnifying glass, scanning some single episode, an altitude flight, the Amundsen-Nobile expedition, the moving picture "Potemkin" as seen by a German Cabinet minister. In all these, and the rest, the emotional values are brought out, economically and completely.

The commercial dominance of the machine-made short story has led in this country to a natural reaction toward the *tranche de vie* interpreted in a more than Flaubertian sense, to tales that were inconsistently not wholes but fragments, trailing loose ends, disclaiming significance or design. This book is as far from that ideal as from the other. None of the best of these stories has a formula, but every one has a form; each is a statuette, larger or smaller, with its own artistic composition, and especially its own pedestal, to isolate it for inspection from the rest of life. And that, some may think, is what the short story ought to do.

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New England's Year

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Allen French. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $6.

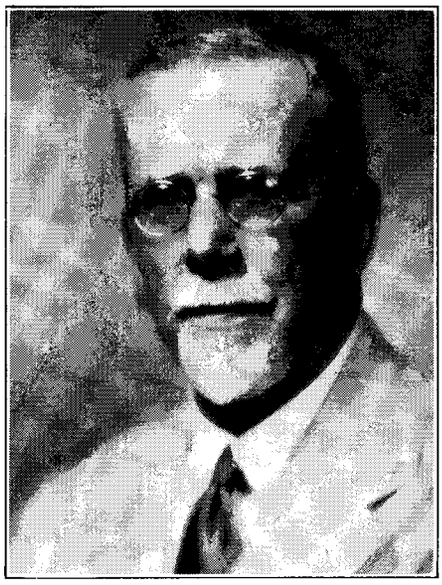
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE first impression made by this weighty volume is likely to be that if the whole history of the American Revolution is to be written on a comparable scale, few persons except those unpressed by time will be able to read it. Even the 715 pages of narrative text do not suffice for all that Mr. French thinks it desirable to say, for in addition to an imposing array of critical or informative footnotes there are no less than forty-nine appendices in which particular aspects of the general subject are more or less elaborately discussed. Yet the eight years of labor that have been devoted to the task have produced what is undoubtedly the most important single contribution of recent years to the history of the Revolution. The book is large because of the intention to make the study "sufficiently complete to avoid the unsupported generalization so necessary and yet so unsatisfactory in a work of smaller scale," but there is more to the book than that, for beginning with April 20, 1775, the point at which the survey starts, no significant incident escapes exhaustive examination.

The first year of the Revolution, Mr. French points out, "presents the anomaly of a people fighting for their liberties while protesting that they did not want independence." By the end of the year a declaration of independence was imminent, but during the year "the colonists, while going step by step further into war, constantly looked back in the endeavor to reach some agreement with England which should keep the Empire unbroken." Politics and military events, accordingly, determined the American state of mind. Mr. French rejects the contention that the war was fought for economic reasons. There was complaint of the English trade laws, "but it came in no such volume or vehemence as to lead to war." Even the political oppression from which American resistance sprang was "almost entirely theoretical." The issue was constitutional, the Americans, Mr. French thinks, "aiming at a loose confederacy with the mother country" and basing their contention upon the principle of local self-government.

The outstanding events of the year, after Lexington and Concord, were, of course, the siege of Boston, the capture of Ticonderoga, the battle of Bunker Hill, and the attempt upon Canada. Each of these subjects Mr. French treats in minute detail and with painstaking reference to background and circumstances. The description of the siege of Boston is prefaced by an interesting study of General Gage and accounts of the call to arms, the composition of the Massachusetts militia and minute-men, the enlistment of the eight-months' army in Massachusetts, the armed forces of the other New England colonies, and the strength and character of the British army. The exploit of Bissel, the post-rider who carried the news of Lexington and Concord from Boston to Philadelphia in a little more than five days, finds its place in the story, as does the premature plan of Jonathan Brewer for an invasion of Canada; and justice is done to the Tories, few in number in proportion to the population, "broken not because they were out of touch with the times but because they were in the wrong country."

The Bunker Hill engagement, of which we have a microscopic description, appears as "a tale of great blunders heroically redeemed" in which "each side committed an unexplainable, inexcusable error in strategy" and each "paid in blood



ALLEN FRENCH

according to the magnitude of its mistake." Washington has Mr. French's admiration, and he more than once stops to look and praise, but he also recognizes that Washington was "no inspired general," that "again and again he blundered," and that "simple perseverance" achieved what genius could not do. Some of the ablest parts of Mr. French's book are those in which he follows, almost day by day, the efforts of Washington to transform a disorderly aggregation of recruits into an army, husband and increase the scanty supply of munitions, and draw his lines tighter about Boston until the British should be forced to withdraw.

New England predominates so overwhelmingly in Mr. French's narrative that what is said about the revolutionary movement in other colonies seems incidental, but it was, after all, mainly a New England year, colonial union was still embryonic, and the American and British forces were centered at Boston. The work of the first Continental Congress, however, is well summarized, the state of politics and opinion in England receives special attention, and there are interesting sketches of Gage, Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, and a considerable list of colonial leaders. Mr. French modestly suggests that there are still some gaps to be filled and that new data may displace some of his material, but as an encyclopedic presentation of the American and British sides of the case in the first year of the Revolution the book is not likely to be soon superseded.

The Puritan Religion

ORTHODOXY IN MASSACHUSETTS. 1630-1650. A Genetic Study. By Perry Miller. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCLEAN ANDREWS

THIS is a work of outstanding merit. It is notable not only for the conclusions reached but also for the care and sobriety with which the author handles a controversial topic that in the past has been treated too much from a denominational point of view. Under the wide-spreading branches of the title—which at best is a little obscure—Mr. Miller discourses on the origin, growth, and enforcement of the doctrines and polity of the Puritans in Massachusetts Bay from their first faint beginnings to their full flowering in the middle of the seventeenth century. Written without bias, in the manner and with the method of approach characteristic of the best historical work of the day, it is by far the most discriminating and reliable exposition of the subject that has ever appeared. Unlike the apologies of the Congregational historians and of those who have felt called upon to defend the Puritan system, it carries conviction by the very thoroughness of the investigation upon which it is based and by the justness of the conclusions which the author has reached. No fair-minded reader can rise from its perusal without a better understanding of the nature of the seventeenth century Congregational polity and its relation to the issues of that time and of all time.

The work falls naturally into three parts. The first concerns the genesis of the Congregational idea, which Mr. Miller traces to various sources that in their onward flow converged eventually upon the single pool of New England orthodoxy. He has read widely in Puritan pamphlet literature—perhaps the dreariest and most tortuous form of source material that the scholar is required to deal with—and is able to show that all the essential ideas upon which New England Congregationalism was based were already in the minds of the New England clergy before they crossed the water in 1630 and following years. His most important contributions in this connection are his analysis of the "elaborate casuistry of non-separation" and his conclusion that the Separatists of Plymouth were only a minor factor in bringing about the adoption by the Puritans of the Congregational polity. One of the most helpful parts of his treatise is the clear distinction which he makes between Pilgrim and Puritan, a distinction not always insisted on.

Having traced to their sources the Puritan ideas of what a church should be and how it should be organized and disciplined, Mr. Miller passes on to consider the difficult task that confronted the Puritan leaders in their effort to transform a theoretical scheme into a concrete, material institution (far removed from the restraining influence of the Anglican hierarchy) that should serve as a model for the reformation of the Anglican church itself. He shows that the "New England Way of the Churches" took shape slowly. Preaching, stunted in England, blossomed

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immediately and profusely, but organization and discipline offered perplexing problems that could not be solved all at once. Mr. Miller's study of the covenant is admirable, and his insistence that it was not a mould for democracy is convincing. His further analyses of the synod and its character as distinguished from the classis, of admission to the churches and the hypocrisy that accompanied it, of baptism and its anomalous place in the Puritan system, of the unregenerate and the difficulty of knowing what to do with them, are exceedingly well done. They must all be read and digested if one would realize the many dilemmas that attended the experiment and the many troublesome situations that confronted the Puritans in their effort to erect a new church in the wilderness of New England and at the same time to live up to the principles laid down by the pamphleteers, including non-separation and uniformity of faith and discipline.

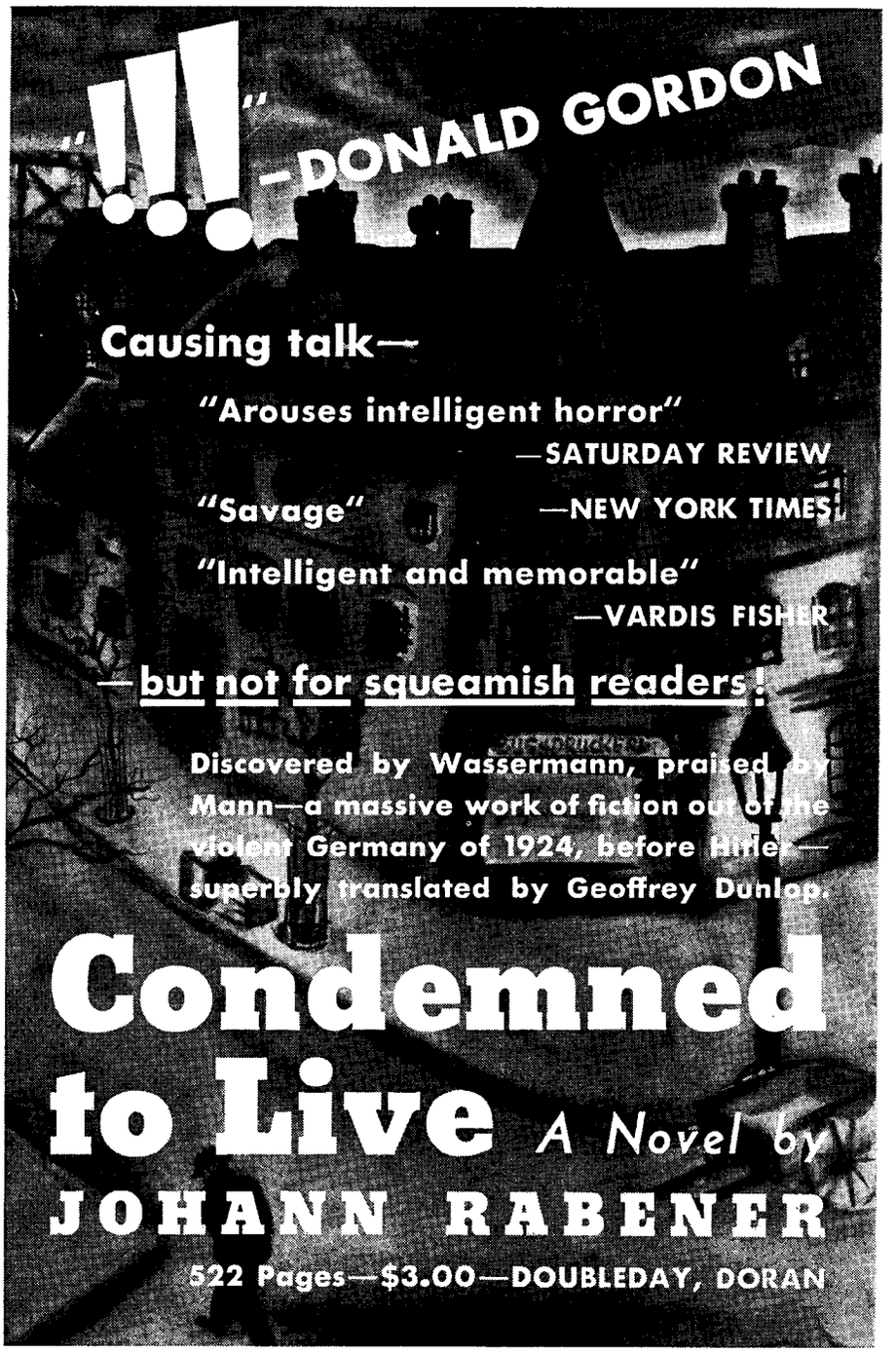
The remainder of the book is largely taken up with the history of this orthodox system down to 1650. It deals with the matter of separatism in the case of Roger Williams and of uniformity in the case of Anne Hutchinson, of Presbyterianism in the case of Peter Hobart of Hingham, and of the remonstrance of Dr. Robert Child and others against the political attitude of the commonwealth. It stresses very effectively the gradual divergence that took place between the unyielding policy of the Puritans in Massachusetts and the tolerationist ideas of the Independents in England, where the miseries of the land were teaching men a measure of mutual forbearance, unknown in New England. The situation is a striking one. In defiance of the attitude of Cromwell and the Independents, Massachusetts remained intolerant; in defiance of the authority of the English parliament she claimed and exercised complete political independence; in defiance of her own charter she demanded all the rights of sovereignty. In so doing she averted civil war in New England, but got wholly out of touch with the new liberal movements that were finding voice overseas. By the Cambridge Platform of 1648 her orthodoxy was solidified, her ecclesiastical supremacy confirmed, and a "New England Way" established that in the words of John Cotton was the nearest thing possible to what would have been set up had "the Lord Jesus been present in person."

Mr. Miller might well complete his study by dealing, in another volume, with the last and final phase—the decline and fall of this system, with its rigid and glacial characteristics. In so doing he will need to consider more thoroughly the political and constitutional factors, as well as in some respect the economic, the omission of which from the later part of the volume under review is its only serious blemish.

Charles McLean Andrews was from 1910 *to* 1931 *professor of history at Yale.*

ERRATUM

The price of "Road to War" by Walter Millis was incorrectly printed as $3.50 in our review of the book in the May 4 issue. The correct price is $3.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Oh Promised Land!

THE OPEN DOOR AT HOME. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by J. A. M. De Sanchez

MR. BEARD'S "Open Door at Home" is avowedly an essay in political economy. It presents a program which its author contends will assure a "high standard of living" and "security" to the American people. Actually, it is a "tract for the times." The dogmatic mysticism, the righteousness, the assurance of Messrs. Pusey, Newman, and Froude, are here equalled in a field where they are rapidly becoming as common as they were in that of theology. All that is missing is the tractarian mastery of the hortatory style. What is distressing is that Mr. Beard should have succumbed to such economic miracle mongering. Hints of an approaching "act of faith" were not missing in his last book, but those who respected his earlier work could not but hope that his conversion might be indefinitely delayed. This hope is now definitely destroyed. Mr. Beard is not only on the side of the new miracles, he is on the side of bigger and better ones than anyone else has yet foretold.

He first sets himself to demonstrate that under a régime of more or less modified laissez faire neither a high standard of living nor security is possible for all. We are offered the analysis of the failure of laissez faire from the mercantilist point of view which was first popularized some years ago by Mr. Garet Garrett in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Beard's treatment of the subject is not essentially different from Mr. Garrett's. Economics are, to him, a very simple matter indeed. He demonstrates to his own satisfaction at least that the doctrine of laissez faire was evolved because it was found to suit English conditions in the first half of the last century: that it is not at all certain that it was suitable even to those conditions: that it involves a large foreign trade: that a large foreign trade requires colonies: that colonies and foreign trade require the establishment and maintenance of large armed forces: that the establishment and maintenance of armies and navies means war: that, in any event, a laissez faire economy is inadequate since it involves periodic depressions with the attendant disadvantages of such depressions.

It is impossible here to attempt any detailed examination of the foregoing indictment. Certain plain and easily ascertainable facts may, however, be restated. The doctrine of laissez faire was not evolved in England as a consequence of conditions after 1780 but in France as a result of the critical examination of the mercantilist régime of the period 1630 to 1725. Incidentally, neither Quesnay nor Morellet based their adherence to free trade upon any theory of the division of labor but upon the ground that any infringement of the right to trade freely was an infringement of property rights. The greatest colonial expansion of Great Britain and Holland, two of the chief exponents of free trade, took place in their mercantilist period. Of the principal colonial powers, only France created the bulk of its colonial empire in the nineteenth century, and it would be a bold historian of the policies of Louis Phillipe and of the Third Republic who would venture to state that the French Empire in Africa was created for economic reasons.

The notion that a large foreign trade requires important armed forces for its maintenance will not withstand examination. Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland all have done and do a proportionately larger foreign trade than the United States without having to support large armies and navies to protect or encourage it. Mr. Beard is, of course, unable to deny that the condition of the people of England, for instance, greatly improved during the nineteenth century, but he states quite plainly that it would have improved a good deal more under a planned economy. The reasons for this assertion are not offered. The fact remains that the statistical studies of Sir Josiah Stamp and of Mr. Clapham prove that the standard of living of the lowest classes of the English population increased fourfold during the nineteenth century. Finally, it may be noted that the classical economists did not hold that the unemployed were improvident but rather that they were the least competent portion of the population. Any candid examination of any group of unemployed will demonstrate the truth of this contention.

The second portion of Mr. Beard's book is "constructive." It sets forth the means by which security and a high standard of living are to be achieved. The plan is comprehensive. It involves not only the economic reorganization of the country in accordance with "engineering rationality" but also the establishment of a new system of ethics and a new system of esthetics. The inspiration of the ethical system is apparently Carlyle, while that of the esthetic is Ruskin. Mr. Beard incidentally does not approve of the use to which the American working man now puts his spare time, for he declares himself opposed to the thirty-hour work week on the ground that the American working man has not yet learned how to use leisure. It will be interesting to see what program in this respect is to be laid out for him by Mr. Beard's new society and perhaps even more interesting to discover how this program is to be enforced.

Except for such occasionally revealing asides, Mr. Beard is very vague on the subject of both the new ethics and the new esthetics. He is content merely to tell us that the new American society will require fundamental departures from present notions in both respects. He is more specific with respect to economic reorganization. Here, all problems are to be solved by engineering rationality. This expression is unfortunately not defined. It is plain, however, that the economic life of this country is to be organized in accordance with some rational program propounded by trustworthy technicians. The engineers will first establish the needs of the population: they will then arrange for the meeting of these needs. There may, of course, until the system has been perfected, be some lowering of the present standard of living, since all trade with profit-hungry foreigners is to be reduced to the barest minimum, but this will be a passing hardship, for the rational engineers, plus the new ethics and the new esthetics, assure a future secure and bright for all. The profit system with its factors, financiers, and entrepreneurs, is to be done away with. No such parasites are to be allowed to disturb the even tenor of

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY *Dorothea Brande* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	After 300 pages of superb build-up, wife of rich Frenchman is killed in Florentine *palazzo.* Quick solution and curtain.	The most civilized mystery novel of the year, beautifully written, sharply characterized, and crackling with suspense.	Grand!
THE RED WIDOW MURDERS *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Sinister room with deadly record in London mansion nets two more corpses and bulky Henry Merivale bestirs himself.	Mr. Dickson's grand eye for the eerie and the 'orrible glosses over some rather loose and lummocky detectiving.	Almost tops
MURDER WALKS ALONE *Clements Ripley* (Messner: $2.)	Baffling deaths at ranch-house solved by old Doc Piper in storm of six-gun shots.	Combination of western thriller and detective yarn. Moves rapidly through series of baffling killings.	Average
CONSTABLE GUARD THYSELF! *Henry Wade* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Police Capt. strangely slain in Headquarters. Inspector Pools of Yard takes over and runs down guilty man.	Well-developed and meaty yarn, a bit slow moving, but done with skill and logical deduction.	Good

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the engineering mind in the exercise of its new functions. The American people, purged of the desire for profit and property, will at last enter into that promised land of which there has been so much talk since 1776.

A national state organized on the lines and for the purpose which Mr. Beard proposes is, of course, nothing new. The Peruvian Empire as finally shaped by the Inca Pačakutek (the name means "reformer of the world") was just such a state. In it the entire population was assured of a minimum standard of living, unemployment was unknown, there were no profits, property was communal. All this was achieved by a people who had not invented a system of reading and writing, who did not know the use of the wheel, and whose country was the least fertile in South America. If the Peruvians could do so much in such adverse circumstances it is hard to believe that Americans could not do likewise if they are prepared to pay the necessary cost.

For it is this question of cost which is the heart of the matter. The Peruvians achieved security for all at what must, in the circumstances, be considered a fairly high level. They did so, however, only by subordinating everyone and everything to this end. Right or wrong, they had the logic of their convictions. They gave up freedom of person, of movement, and of thought; they undertook to support over sixteen per cent of the population as policemen, statisticians, tax-gatherers, etc., to live under a theocratic dictatorship as absolute as any the world has ever seen, in order to assure themselves three meals a day, clothing, and shelter in all circumstances. If we are prepared to do likewise we should be able to achieve a similar end. The point, and it is one which Mr. Beard does not deal with, is that a wide measure of personal freedom and security for the individual do not seem to be compatible aims. As Professor Cassel has conclusively shown, a planned economy is only possible under absolute dictatorship.

If Mr. Beard's book is disappointing in most respects it should at least serve the purpose of forcing upon those who read it the consideration of this dilemma, for it is at the root of all the tiresome talk one hears of planned societies and yet it is the one aspect of the question which is most generally ignored.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 58)

A. C. SWINBURNE—
"A FORSAKEN GARDEN"

Only the sun and the rain come hither all year long . . .
The sun burns sere* and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath;
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.

* *Unfortunately this was spelled "seer" in the puzzle last week. Mrs. Kingsley and the managing editor, who let it go by them, apologize.*

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Masterpiece

YOUNG JOSEPH

"One reads the story with a new and fresh suspense, created by a great artist, re-created into epic romance as real as reality itself. . . Set forth and dramatized with consummate and moving art and power... A great and moving novel."—*New York Times Book Review.* $2.50

(Uniform with *Joseph and His Brothers*)

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · NEW YORK

Christopher Morley's
'Postcard from Peru'—
HASTA LA VISTA

"Delightful reading, quite as satisfactory as many ship tours to the southern continent" —WILLIAM SOSKIN

"He has just the right attitude, and the destination of any ship he sails on is bound to be the Fortunate Isles" —WILLIAM McFEE, *Sun*

"The perfect book for a lazy man with a sudden access of Spring fever" —CHAMBERLAIN, *Times*

"Packed to the anchor chain with anecdote and incident" —WAGNER, *Mirror*

Recommended by the Literary Guild. $2—*Doubleday, Doran*

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By "Elizabeth." (*Doubleday, Doran*).

EMINENT VICTORIANS. By Lytton Strachey. (*Harcourt, Brace*).

TWO LIVES. By William Ellery Leonard. (*Viking*).

A History of France

NOW for a Spring housecleaning, and hauling out into the light an accumulation of queries which have been stored away in the file.

J. M. of Los Angeles, Calif., *desires a romantic and simplified history of France, either a translation from the French or by one of our best known authors.*

The late William Stearns Davis wrote for the instruction of the American army in France a HISTORY OF FRANCE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES (Houghton Mifflin) which might be just the thing which J. M. wants, even admitting that romance is not its long suit. The emphasis of this book goes specially on the period after the French Revolution. Another work which ought to meet her needs is Henry Dwight Sedgwick's FRANCE: A SHORT HISTORY OF ITS POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT (Little, Brown). Designed for young people, travellers, and others who wish not an exhaustive but a panoramic portrayal of French annals, it should fall into the category J. M. indicates when she writes of a "simplified history."

"The Brushwood Boy"

R. P. of Sioux City, Iowa, *asks which of Kipling's books contains "The Brushwood Boy," and where it is to be obtained. And she asks, too, for a list of puppet plays for beginners with puppets.*

"The Brushwood Boy," bless its delightful soul, is one of the stories in *The Day's Work*, that delectable volume which contains "William the Conqueror," "The Tomb of Their Ancestors," "The Bridge-builders," and "The Ship That Found Herself" among other only less striking tales. The mere names of those stories warm the cockles of my heart, and bring back the delight with which I read them. To this day I never see a woman with her hair growing in what is known as a "widow's peak" without thinking of Miriam in "The Brushwood Boy," of its charming portrayal of child life and its delicate fantasy running hand in hand with its love story. Why can't we always be reading stories like that for the first time, and getting the delighted shock that comes from recognition of great talent? The book, which is still in copyright, is to be had of Kipling's publishers, Doubleday, Doran, or from any bookstore of size.

As for the puppet plays about which she inquires, she will find in Edith Flack Ackley's MARIONETTES: EASY TO MAKE, FUN TO USE (Stokes) five simple plays with directions for making and producing. No names among the puppet showmen are better known in this country than those of Remo Bufano and Tony Sarg: the first has a volume entitled BE A PUPPET SHOWMAN (Appleton-Century), which precedes its instructions on construction and working with a historical sketch, and the second lends title to Frederick John McIsaac's TONY SARG'S MARIONETTE BOOK (Viking), in which Mr. Sarg, writing expressly for the young, gives explicit directions as to how puppets are made and manipulated, how a show is put on, how the stage should be lighted, and the scenery managed. The book contains two fairy plays by Anne Stoddard. Samuel French, the dramatic publisher, issues a volume of PUPPET PLAYS, by Alfred Kreymborg.

The Personality of Elinor Wylie

Mrs. E. W. P. of Leonia, N. J., *who writes in such kind vein of* The Saturday Review *that I'm emboldened to believe she will forgive the lateness of this response, has a trio of questions she wishes answered. First, she would like to know where she can find material on Elinor Wylie; next, she wishes a list of new children's books for any age and either sex; and last, she desires an up-to-date history of American literature.*

If I had answered Mrs. E. W. P.'s letter as promptly as I should I could not have told her of one of the most satisfactory sources of information on Elinor Wylie, for it was only after her letter arrived that the biography of Mrs. Wylie by her sister, Nancy Hoyt, was published. This volume (Bobbs-Merrill) presents a portrait of that brilliant and gifted personality as she appeared to a much younger relative whose disparity of age permitted her to look upon her sister with something of the detachment of a stranger. It is an intimate narrative, full of small and often unimportant details all of which, however, were as much a part of Elinor Wylie's coruscating personality as the wit, the learning, and the insatiable interest in life and literature which were so markedly hers. Another work to which Mrs. E. W. P. can go for the impressions of those who knew her best is the volume of her COLLECTED PROSE (Knopf) to which her husband, William Rose Benét, and her friends, Carl Van Vechten, Carl Van Doren, Stephen Vincent Benét (brother-in-law as well as friend), and Isabel Paterson all contributed sketches. Mr. William Rose Benét recently delivered at Wheaton College an address which has since been issued as a pamphlet, under the title PROSE AND POETRY OF ELINOR WYLIE, by the Wheaton College Press, Norton, Mass. This, too, contains personal characterization.

As to recent children's books I shall give Mrs. E. W. P. merely a few titles now, for I plan shortly to publish a list of new publications for children. A work not only full of fascinating information but also of delightful illustrations is the latest in the series by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell entitled A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND (Scribners). This new volume covers the years 1851-1894, which the authors designate as "the age of production." For the child who prefers science to history there is Raymond L. Ditmars's THE BOOK OF ZOÖGRAPHY (Lippincott), with a text reinforced by maps and illustrations, and for the one whose interest is in the inventions and adventures of the present day William Clayton Pryor's THE AIRPLANE BOOK (Harcourt, Brace), a portrayal of Washington, D. C., from the air. There's a mystery story for girls, THE ROOM ON THE ROOF (Appleton-Century), by Josephine Daskam Bacon, a chronicle of school life for boys which is the tale of a Culver cadet, by Kitchell Webster, Jr., which is entitled PASS IN REVIEW (Bobbs-Merrill), and BRAVE MR. BUCKINGHAM (Harcourt, Brace), a tale for tiny tots, by Dorothy Kunhardt, whose JUNKET IS NICE a year or so ago won its way into the hearts of little folk.

Pattee's NEW AMERICAN LITERATURE (Appleton-Century), to come down to Mrs. E. W. P.'s last query, chronicles the literary history of the United States from 1893-1930, and Granville Hicks's THE GREAT TRADITION (Macmillan) presents an interpretation of American literature since the Civil War.

The Catawba Indians

E. N. of Altoona, Pa., *wants information on the best books on the history of the Catawba Indians, a tribe which lived in the Carolinas in the early days of this country.*

Feeling far too ignorant to answer with any exactitude as specialized a query as this I wrote to the Museum of the American Indian, and received in reply the following list of titles from Mr. F. A. Blossom, librarian of the Huntington Free Library and Reading Rooms which is the depository of the libraries of the Museum and the American Numismatic Society:

Hodge, F. W. HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington. BULLETIN 22 AND 15TH, 19TH, 20TH AND 42ND ANNUAL REPORTS.

Scaife, H. L. HISTORY AND CONDITIONS OF THE CATAWBA INDIANS, 1896.

Two items can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington at the prices indicated:

Article and editorial on condition of Catawba Indians of South Carolina, appearing in *Charlotte* (N. C.) *Observer*, Apr. 13, 1930. (In Cong. Record of Apr. 16, 1930, vol. 72, No. 101, pp. 7405-8) 13c.

Pamphlet on "History and Condition of the Catawba Indians of South Carolina," by H. Lewis Scaife, and letters urging Government aid to this tribe; presented by Senator Blease. (Cong. Record of Feb. 26, 1930, vol. 72, No. 63, pp. 4429-35). 11c.

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The New Books

Art

AFRICAN NEGRO ART. Edited by James Johnson Sweeney. Museum of Modern Art. 1935. $2.50.

This fully illustrated catalogue of Negro sculpture recently exhibited by the Museum of Historic Art is really a good elementary handbook of the subject. The classification of objects is geographical, and the editor gives conservatively the slight archeological information available. Mr. Sweeney makes exceptionally moderate esthetic claims for this recently explored and very modish art. While this negro sculpture reveals throughout a fine capacity for stylization, it seems to us that its quality is much exaggerated in present-day criticism and collector fashion. Nearly everything represented in the plates is curious and interesting, but except for the magnificent bronze leopard from Benin, No. 280, which incidentally has no Negroid quality, and the admirable recumbent antelope, No. 9, nothing is likely to give a thrill to an art lover uninitiated in the cult of this art. The catalogue is well made, and deserves a place on the shelves of every amateur of barbaric design.

F. J. M., Jr.

Biography

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF. By Prince Nyabongo. Scribners. 1935. $3.

For nearly seventy years there has been strife deep in the heart of equatorial Africa. Although little blood has been spilled and there have been but few newspaper accounts of the struggle, still the conflict continues and is destined to become increasingly important in future African history. This war is not a war of weapons but a war of ideas, the clash of white Western civilization with that of black Africa. It appears today as though the Negro is winning; not with gun and assegai, but with the pure weight of native logic that has withstood every assault of Christianity.

Prince Nyabongo is himself an educated chief of Uganda. His "Story of an African Chief" is not the conflict between the Negro and the guns of the white man, it is the conflict between the traditions of a thousand generations of black folk and the Bible of the European.

Prince Nyabongo tells us the story of a young chief Stanley Mujungu (named by his father after the great explorer Henry M. Stanley) who during his early years attends a mission school in Uganda. His education is supervised by a sincere but narrow-sighted English missionary who only in the end fails in his purpose of conversion. The young chief returns to his village as a grown man with a few Western ideas but unfortunately for the missionary, these ideas are not compatible with church doctrine. Stanley Mujungu finds that the best white civilization offers is a little medical science and the control of smallpox. The medicine and surgery on the whole do not appear to be far superior to that practised by the natives for thousands of years; the control of the smallpox epidemic is the only step forward that is visible to Mujungu.

The story is told with great humor and irony. The author impartially pokes fun at the polygamous practices of his own people and the monogamous custom of the European. The first part of the story is not historically accurate and the author has confused names and places in the text. Nor is the account of Sir Frederick Lugard's Uganda campaign in any sense the whole truth or even part of it. However, these errors in no way mar the work as the opening section is merely an introductory background. The book is good fun and any reader interested in African subjects will enjoy it.

J. W. F.

Fiction

THE VORTEX. Translated from the Spanish of José Eustasio Rivera by Earle K. James. Putnams. 1935. $2.50.

Whatever it may be in Spanish and read in more or less the air in which it was written, in our air and in American, Rivera's novel is curiously un-nourishing. There are bits of vivid and undoubtedly authentic description of South American jungle life; characters here and there—"La Madona," for instance, the fat old harpy whom the hero meets in the heart of the rubber country—which ring true. But in general, the story is very wild, very queer, and it's difficult to make head or tail of it.

The narrator is a tempestuous Columbian, half contemporary man, half something out of the cloak-and-sword theatre, who runs away with his mistress from Bogota to the rubber country. The girl disappears with another man and a vague sort of pursuit begins. The rubber country and the horrible life led by the rubber tappers is not seen realistically and through the patient following of an actual rubber tapper's day-to-day life, as it was recently in Ferreira De Castro's "Jungle," but rhetorically and through the reports of others. There is much violence of one sort and another, blood and sudden death, and in the end, according to the brief epilogue, the narrator just disappears, swallowed by the jungle. In Spanish, the novel is said to have had nine editions.

SARABAND FOR DEAD LOVERS. By Helen Simpson. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

This is a historical novel about the House of Hanover, at the time when the scion of that family, George-Louis, was being considered for the English succession. The story presents the clash of wills between the Duchess Sophia, George's mother, and the young, half-French Sophie-Dorothee, whom George marries for convenience. A well-written narrative of court intrigues and counterplots, it makes a mildly entertaining costume piece of the eighteenth century, with many scenes that would translate well into cinema. Its final effect, like that of so many historical novels (presenting neither history nor the author's view of life), seems rather pointless and second-hand. But if it is artificial, the artifice is both expert and unpretentious.

G. S.

ARDEN ACRES. By Jessica Nelson North. Harcourt, Brace. 1935. $2.

This tale might pass as a movie scenario were it not for the tenderness of its characterizations and the pungency of its incidents. The mongrel, flashy settlement of "inchers" would make a striking stage set. The trials of the blue-eyed, lighthearted Chapin family would certainly appeal to the movie public. The story, however, centers not upon the silver screen figures of Tim and Loretta Chapin but upon the more elusive personalities of the old Grandmother and adolescent Jo-ann. The climax of the book is not

"One of the half-dozen intelligent novels of the Spring."—Hugh Walpole.

The Last of Mr. Norris

BY CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

We present to you Mr. Arthur Norris, suave citizen of the world, the most delightfully amoral gentleman-rogue of modern fiction. At first he will repel you; then he will win you, and you will nod with tolerance, even approval, while he betrays his friends and fleeces his acquaintances. His story has been likened to a Noel Coward comedy—which is to say that it is subtle, sophisticated, and altogether amusing. $2.50

and published by Morrow

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Tim's death at the hands of Chicago gangsters but "Gram's" secret and astounding escape back to her old homestead. The author's innate artistry has saved the book from insipidity.

"Arden Acres" shows the backwash of the depression over the lovely pasture land fifty miles from Chicago's Loop. The author takes the trouble to make several accurate jabs at the current social scheme, but she particularly likes to resort to dead bones in the Glenway Wescott manner. She harks back to the hunting grounds of the Fox and Sioux, to the pioneer wagons on the Sauk trail, and to the Grand Canal background of "Gram's" childhood. The result is that one gets no very clear insight into either the past or the present and only a rather vague idea of picturesque but insignificant contrasts. "Arden Acres" is a sort of literary poster—colorful, carefully drawn, but rather obvious in its appeal.

D. P.

AFFAIR. By Emily Hahn. Bobbs-Merrill. 1935. $2.

Another little story of the white-collar unpossessed. They thought marriage would ruin their love—they couldn't afford to get married anyhow. So she had an abortion. The book is less interesting as a novel than as a study of how girls in New York without income can live on dates for dinner. It's really one of those little *New Yorker* sketches, quite good of its kind, strung out to 30,000 words, and made into a book by ingenious typography, and by the still more ingenious device of starting the first page of text with the folio 11 after only four pages of front matter. But as a short story, it's a good one.

E. C.

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. VI MAY, 1935 No. 5

Principal Contents

Spengler's Theory of Historic Cycles — *Quincy Howe*
The New Feminism — *Mary R. Beard*
Cycles and Their Meaning — *Jacques W. Redway*
The Poet as Magician — *L. A. G. Strong*
H. G. Wells and Middleton Murry — *Geoffrey West*

Indian Reviews of American Books

Tugwell's "Battle for Democracy" — *S. V. Viswanatha*
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Other Reviews

Hugh P.A. Fausset, Swami Jagadiswarananda, Sri Krishna Prem, H. S. Redgrove.
Correspondence
Ends and Sayings

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History

ORDEAL BY FIRE. By Fletcher Pratt. Smith & Haas. 1935. $3.

There is perhaps no period of our national history that invites retelling more than the Civil War era, and judging by the number of books relating to it that have come from the press in the past decade, it would appear that no other phase enlists a wider reading. Unlike many of these volumes, Mr. Pratt's book has been written for the "man-in-the-street." It is "an informal history of the Civil War," dispenses with most of the scholarly apparatus of the historian, and holds to a minimum such matters as dates, statistics, and minutiæ that are of interest only to the thoughtful student of the war. An attempt has been made "to include practically everything that contributed to the final result and to omit nearly everything else." From the point of view of field operations Mr. Pratt has chosen his subject matter with discrimination, but, in the judgment of this reviewer, too little consideration has been given to the persistent problems of recruiting, the huge tasks of financing and of supplying *materiel*, and to the fierce factional struggles that went on within the two capitals and between the central governments and the several state administrations, North and South. While less dramatic, collectively they were scarcely less significant than the armies in affecting the outcome.

The general reader, however, will hardly complain of these matters when there is so much in Mr. Pratt's pages to excite his interest and carry him along in the swiftly changing panorama of events. The descriptions of military campaigns are vivid and entertainingly related; the strength and limitations of commanders on both sides are well presented, and a generous supply of anecdotal material brings into clear relief the foibles and idiosyncrasies of the great and lesser figures in the bloody drama. There is little new evidence in the book to attract the seasoned student of the war years, but Mr. Pratt has made a number of shrewd judgments, notably in the case of Gettysburg, that will provoke the thought of those interested in the military strategy of the contest. Popular history though the book is, it is apparent that it is grounded upon a pretty thorough canvass of the literature of the period.

A. H. M.

Miscellaneous

OUR WINGS GROW FASTER. By Grover Loening. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $3.75.

As a parade of celebrated aeronautical personages and events, from 1908 to the present, and a sketch of the career of a distinguished plane designer, whose most famous creation, the Leoning Amphibian, has a place of honor in the Smithsonian, this book is most satisfactory. Its text shares page-space equally with close to two hundred well chosen photographs of planes and flying, and owes its spice not only to descriptions of aerial adventures, but also to candid commentary on extremely controversial subjects. The author has a gift of presenting facts and figures with startling effectiveness.

There are some ninety-two vignettes, ranging from Mr. Loening's Columbia University days, when aeronautical engineering ambitions were scholastic heresy, to such dynamite as the aviation scandal of the war days and the values of aviation stocks. There are a number of thumb-nail sketches of national figures in their public settings—Orville Wright, Admiral Byrd, General Bill Mitchell, and others—all dealt with generously, but realistically. Among them is the most vivid brief portrait of Colonel Lindbergh that has come to this writer's attention.

The vignettes, in the main, have only the general chronology of the author's vicissitudes and successes as designer, builder, and flyer, to give continuity. The whole, however, knits surprisingly well, and should absorb the interest of those to whom airplanes are still an exciting topic. It should also interest those who are watchers of governmental processes in Washington, past or present, and who are alive to the significance of the air alliances now shaping in Europe. Its fault is a too great terseness. With so qualified an observer as Mr. Loening, who strangely enough seems able to stick to his metier of aeronautical expert, one wishes for fuller statement.

J. W. A.

BACKWOODS AMERICA. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1935. $2.

This is a small book, but a rich one. Mr. Wilson has written in loving detail of the humor, language, religion, fun-making, ballads, hunting, ways, and trades, of his homeland in the Ozarks. It is an intelligent study in a familiar vein of the life and behavior and personality of these American peasants, who are also backwoodsmen. Mr. Wilson has been fortunate in illustrating his chapters with Bayard Wooten's excellent photographs, which make this volume a really important record of a vanishing culture of the backwoods. Unlike many recent studies in familiar sociology, this book is excellent reading.

Brief Mention

An interesting experiment by Sulamith Ish-Kishor is *Magnificent Hadrian,* an attempt to make biographical fiction out of the relations between Hadrian and his favorite, Antinous (Minton, Balch, $3). * * * The travel season is responsible for the publication of a number of books. *Horizon's Rim,* by Alexander Crosby Brown (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), is the story of the Schooner *Chance* sailing to America from Australia with several adventurous amateurs on board. *Everybody's Paris,* by John Brangwyn (McBride, $3), will prove useful this summer. Of interest is the excellent survey called *Progress of Archæology,* by Stanley Casson (Whittlesey House, $2). This little book brings the knowledge of archæology up to date. * * * Students of American literature will be interested in *Personal Recollections of English and American Poets,* by Edward Everett Hale and others, edited and compiled by M. W. Kilgore (George F. Woodbury, Patten, Maine). * * * The distinguished historian, Dana Carleton Munro,

(*Continued on page* 28)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE is actually an English publishing house called Fudge & Co. Ltd.! . . . *Louis Paul* now has a four-month contract with Metro-Goldwyn. . . . *Thorne Smith's* novels vie in popularity with the Marx Brothers in England. . . . A new volume of poems and commentaries by *W. B. Yeats* is just out. . . . You can't get away from "Mr. Chips." Now he's on the radio! Also that favorite English illustrator of mine, *H. M. Brock,* has illustrated a limited edition of him! . . . My own sentimentality prefers *Mildred Cram's* "Forever" (Knopf), which genuinely moved me. I didn't agree with the *Saturday Review's* opinion about it at all. . . .

Who said this?—

However I am afraid some great revolution is not far off. Horrible to say, in a manner I am a communist. Their idea, bating some things, is nobler than that professed by any secular statesman I know of (I must own I live in bat-light and shoot at a venture). Besides it is just —I do not mean the means of getting it are. But it is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comforts, delight, or hopes in the midst of plenty—which plenty they make.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., said that, writing to his friend *Robert Bridges* in 1871. Bridges, as you know, afterward became Poet Laureate of England. The awful thing about it is that "the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation" is hardly any better off now than it was sixty-four years ago. I should say worse. . . . A book for you to get and enjoy—as you will—is "Lead Belly and His Songs," compiled and edited by *John A. Lomax,* and being brought out this Spring by the Macmillan Company. . . .

Since people seem to be reading stories having to do with horses, how about *Dorothy McCleary's* "Not for Heaven," a humorous study of a sharp old woman and a contrary old horse, Ned? Doubleday has published the book, and the author is quite remarkable. She played on the vaudeville stage and in stock in this city, later wrote for a newspaper syndicate, and then three short stories of hers appeared in *Whit Burnett's Story,* and *O'Brien* reprinted two of them in his "Best Short Stories." And—as they say, "get a load of this"! From four to six every morning before she got breakfast for her husband and child and went to her job in a department store, Miss McCleary wrote her novel. She waked automatically without an alarm clock, she made herself a cup of tea in the kitchen, and took it, along with a slice of bread and butter, back to bed. And there she wrote for two hours. . . . They say that *Edna Ferber* is really always dreaming of the perfect farmhouse with trees and gardens and suchlike to rest the eye. Perhaps that's why she lives in a modern penthouse in the heart of New York! . . . *Billy the Oysterman* gives us the lowdown on *Fannie Hurst* and her dieting. "Why for years Miss Hurst came to my restaurant and was one of my star connoisseurs; then, all of a sudden, she started ordering for herself lemon juice and water as an appetizer and boiled spinach as her main dish. The result was that Miss Hurst got thinner and thinner, and by her own statement in her book her lively spirits were decidedly affected." . . .

Dodd, Mead and the *Pictorial Review* having offered $10,000 for a first novel, they've already had over four thousand applications for entrance blanks, though the contest was only announced the first of the year and is open until October. This is the fourth time the prize has been offered. *Martha Ostenso* won it, *Mateel Howe Farnham,* and *L. M. Alexander.* . . . By the way, *Edward J. O'Brien* is picking the best short story of the month for the *Pictorial Review.* For April he chose "Love is a Word," by *Harlan Ware,* a story of adolescence. . . . As for me, I'm fed up on stories of adolescence. I'd rather people would write of adults. . . . I liked *Marguerite Steen's* "Matador," so I think the least her publishers could do would be to send me a copy of her new novel, "The One-Eyed Moon." . . . Those interested in "Blind Men Crossing a Bridge," by *Susan Miles* (Stokes), probably don't know that she's a very clever poet. She is the daughter of an English Army Officer and was born in India. She was educated, and taught for a while, at London University. She's married to the rector of a church in London, and it took her fourteen years to complete her novel! . . .

And maybe you didn't know this about *Enid Bagnold,* the heroine of last week's issue. It took her *sixteen* years to translate the only book she ever translated from the French. It was a book of 124 pages, "Alexander of Asia," written by *Princess Bibesco* when she was eighteen. The Princess was having a particularly gay time in Paris when she wrote it. . . . There's a book of short stories by *Clemence Dane* coming out. . . . Another contest is Little, Brown's Centenary one of $5,000, offered for the most interesting unpublished American work (not fiction) submitted to them before October 1, 1936. Write them at 34 Beacon Street, Boston, and get the details straight. . . . Whittlesey House received the following letter: "Will you please send me a copy of 'Whittlesey House.' Will send check for same upon receiving." Shipment was promptly made—of one copy of "First Aid for the Ailing House." . . . Thank you, *Irene Moyer,* for your nice letter! I wish I could quote some of it here, but haven't room.

The poem *Edwin Arlington Robinson* had completed last summer at Peterboro, N. H., is entitled "King Jasper." It will be published by Macmillan in the early fall. . . . Hats off to *Rachel Field,* who wrote a perfectly natural, unsensational book and has scored heavily with it! . . . I guess readers are rather tired of all the ballyhoo and bandwagon stuff. . . . *Doris Moore* was all set to write the biography of that fascinating English fantasist, "*F. Anstey,*" when the publisher, *John Murray,* and the would-be biographer, learned that "Anstey," lifelong friend of Sir John, had secretly written an *autobiography,* and the heir, *Eric Millar,* had sold it to the Oxford University Press! . . . Once I met in the old Judson Hotel down on Washington Square, a remarkable woman, the *Baroness Dombrowski;* and I possess a remarkable picture she did of a white and tortoiseshell cat, with her name signed on it. Now she is the author of a historical novel with the flamboyant background of Paraguay, "Land of Women." And that last is its title. Little, Brown & Company bring it out on June 8th. . . . "Who is the outstanding American author and Why?" is the subject of an essay contest the American Book Company is conducting for club members. A prize of fifty dollars will be divided into two parts, twenty-five for the writer of the winning essay and twenty-five for his or her club. Write American Book Company, 88 Lexington Avenue, City. . . . The sixth Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains is from July 22 to August 9th. It's at the University of Colorado in Boulder. Verse is represented by *Robert Frost* and *Edward Davison.* Short Story: *Whit Burnett, Martha Foley, Blanche Y. McNeal.* Prose and the Novel: *Bernard De Voto, Robert Penn Warren, Mignon Baker.*

"Hidden beauties and hidden meanings. . . ."

"A poem to be read more than once. There are hidden beauties and hidden meanings. Learning, thought and poetic vision have gone into the making of these pieces. There is throughout great animating beauty of thought—great beauty of a rather wistful sort."

N. Y. Times Book Review

By Leonard Bacon

THE VOYAGE OF

Autoleon

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THE DISCOVERY CORNER

"Characters that live and breathe and suffer . . . gorgeous, vulgar, real old women . . . picture of a Scottish city of today . . . by the author of *Cloud Howe.*"

—Virginia Kirkus

GREY GRANITE

by Lewis Grassic Gibbon, $2.50 D. D.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 26*)

left behind him the manuscript of a book in the field where he was an expert, called *The Kingdom of the Crusaders* (Appleton-Century, $2.50). It is a most readable study of that picturesque episode in history. * * * The complicated situation in Macedonia which breaks into the news almost monthly is the subject of *Heroes and Assassins*, by Stoyan Christowe (McBride, $3). It is the story of "Macedonia's fierce struggle for freedom." * * * The celebrated autobiography of Clifford W. Beers, *A Mind That Found Itself*, is reprinted in the twenty-fifth anniversary edition (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This is a classic text upon mental health and its recovery. * * * Among miscellaneous items let us note the critical appraisal of Louis Adamic called *Louis Adamic and Shadow-America*, by Carey McWilliams (Arthur Whipple, Los Angeles, $1.50). * * * The Foreign Policy Association has published Mildred S. Wertheimer's *Germany Under Hitler*, a pamphlet in their series intended to make clear underlying contemporary international problems (World Peace Foundation, New York, 50c). * * * An interesting and valuable book is Merle Curti's study of *The Social Ideas of American Educators* (Scribners, $3). The book extends from the Colonial period to John Dewey.

Just Out!

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A stirring, searching symposium against *War*, by some of the most distinguished minds of our day—*including:*

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JULIAN HUXLEY
REBECCA WEST
STORM JAMESON
VERA BRITTAIN
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and others. ($2.00)

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From Homer to the age of Lucian *by* H. J. Rose, M.A. *Professor of Greek* in the University of St. Andrews. *Author of* "A Handbook of Greek Mythology," etc. ($6.00)

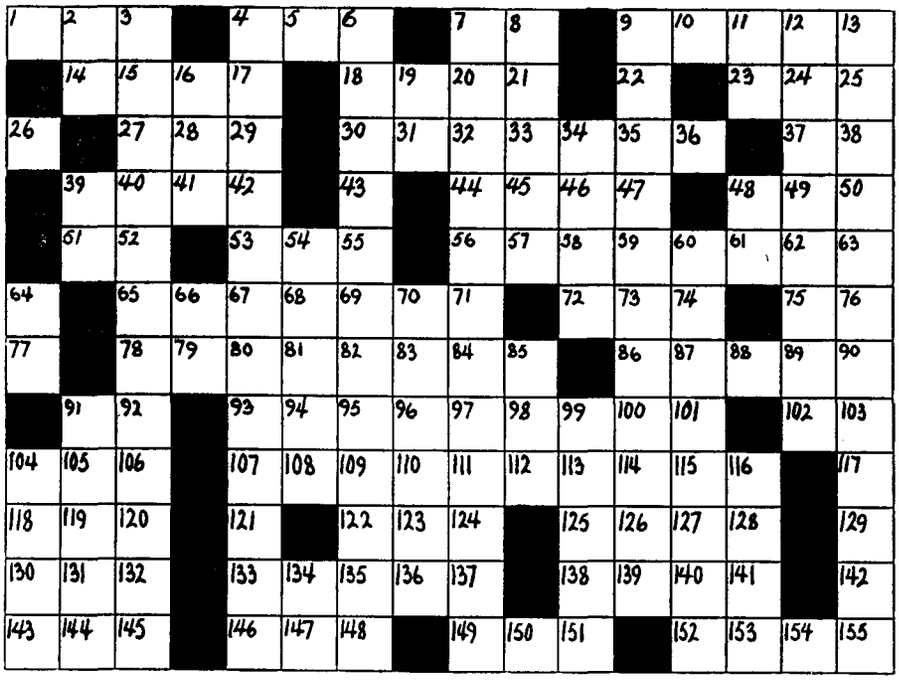
All Published by
E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., New York

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

THIS is to certify that the average circulation per issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows: Copies sold 20,845, copies distributed free 548. Total 21,393. THE SATURDAY REVIEW Co., INC., publisher, by Noble A. Cathcart, President. Subscribed to and sworn before me on this sixth day of May, 1935. (Seal) Lucy E. Epperson, Notary Public, King's Co. Clerk's No. 73, Reg. No. 6081. N. Y. Co. Clerk's No. 222, Reg. No. 6E136. Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

Double-Crostics: No. 59

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. Canadian poet (1861-'99) author of "Lyrics of Earth."

II. Chosen, taken in preference.

III. Character in "Ivanhoe."

IV. Nightmare; depressing burden.

V. To confound, dull the senses.

VI. Plump and round.

VII. Form of life insurance.

VIII. Novel by George Eliot.

IX. Without regard to obstacles.

X. To superimpose.

XI. Structure built in Crete by Dædalus.

XII. A dyestuff used in chemistry.

XIII. Equivalent in signification.

XIV. Maiden name of Henry VIII's fifth wife.

XV. High priest who trained Samuel.

XVI. Talkative coxcomb.

XVII. Naturally, intrinsically.

XVIII. A "lone, lorn" Dickens creation.

XIX. Barter, interchange of goods.

XX. Furnishes, produces.

XXI. Symphony by Vaughan Williams.

XXII. Adequately, finally.

WORDS

74 22 17 155 39 121 28

96 26 85 107 13

117 43 95 7 75

11 41 110 148 48 135 34

102 122 32 56 8 86 21

149 66 112 44 30 133

5 12 140 153 51 82 53

79 68 103 16 136 150

15 127 45 116 120 59 71 108 141

126 61 35 67 25 10 146

105 19 37 6 58 87 151 97 143

111 139 145 4 49 89

119 72 20 65 40 154 94 3 115 50

98 91 129 144 88 113

62 132 99

78 134 47 114 76 152 27 42

83 109 124 24 142 60 131 38

70 55 46 18 118 77 101 64

128 63 104 9 52 33 84

80 125 14 2 31 29 93

137 54 92 36 147 100

123 23 138 57 81 90 69 130 106 73 1

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE good old *Nautical Gazette,* still published at our birthplace 20 Vesey Street, New York, is sole agent in the U. S. for the de luxe book ($4) describing the new super-luxury-liner *Normandie.* It has been prepared by the *Journal de la Marine Marchande* of France with the help of the French Line. Published May 15 it will contain complete technical description of the huge vessel and over 100 photographs. In French, of course; and very interesting to students of that language. ☞We always find something interesting in the *Nautical Gazette,* including Felix Riesenberg's weekly "Rough Log"; we note with sentimental pleasure the names of four steamers initiating a new freight service from New York to South and East Africa. They are S.S. *Robin Adair, Robin Hood, Robin Gray* and *Robin Goodfellow;* 10,400 gross tons (just the right size for a ship), built in Seattle, at 11½ knots will make the run from N. Y. to Cape Town in 25 days. Quercus would like to know if there's room for an occasional passenger? ☞Mr. Grant Wood, the disguished Iowa painter (who has lately had a show at the Ferargil Galleries) dropped in at this office the day our new format first came up from the printer, and helped us pledge a hopeful beaker to the *Saturday Review's* change of style. ☞*Saturday Resartus* was the toast.

☞The oldtimers continue to show up the youngsters. For instance; if you want a bundle of short stories really absorbing to read try Alfred Edward Woodley Mason's *Dilemmas.* Try the spook story "Sixteen Bells" in that volume; or the description of how Mata Hari flung back her garment and faced the firing squad, stark—"the death of a poor spy but a great cocotte." ☞Whether Old Quercus will ever read Pareto he does not know, but he continues to be interested by Harcourt, Brace & Co.'s circular about the work (*The Mind and Society,* 4 vols.) ☞It says that Pareto (1848-1923) "watched the events of the War with cold indifference and is said to have been utterly disrespectful of his contemporaries." ☞These attitudes can be argued both pro and con, but we know how Pareto felt. ☞If there is another War we should prefer to be coldly indifferent ourself; unfortunately our heart is all tangled up with a hatred of human suffering.

Split Second Exposure

By LOUIS GREENFIELD

Wallowing deep in the Jungle of the Mazdas and saucily blaring out a harsh brilliance deep and far along the dizziest drag in all the world; wedged tight and atom-close in stone in the pyramidal Paramount Theatre building—there it stands, impish and alert—a tome shop, ladies and gents, a bookery—a joint that peddles books right smack in the center of the Rainbow—Times Square, New York, U.S.A.

Shrewdly merchandized and effective window displays kiss the endless pedestrian caravan, the tooting, jangling dins, the sewer steams and gaseous vapors. The handshaking and back-slapping invitation extends to one and all—from the cuffo boys, the self-education babies, chorus cuties, the Hamlet apers and board strutters, heavy-lidded culture swells, the earnest student, the average reader, the bargain seeker, the sex and erotica baboons to just the ordinary guy. Yep, folks, and the invite is good from eight bells in the morning to two low, soft bells in the next day. Concord Books, Inc., helps give the glittering Broadway the touch of swank—the breath of literature.

The joint is the McCoy and the phony volumes are out. And as you browse along the loaded wall shelves, the heaped tables, you are amazed at the diverse titles and classifications that hit the eye of the casual shopper or the erudite book-worm. Broadway's literati hot spot is one of the nation's largest outlets of publishers' remainders, reprints and reprint remainders. The current octavos, though stocked in generous quantities, take the background picture as far as offering any sales figures to compare with the store's specialty. Book code prices for the new books and cut rate prices on the other tomes. The latter figures range from 19c per volume to bound sets at $5.68.

Concord Books, Inc. opened its doors to the day-shoppers and night-owls more than three years ago. The shrewd and daring young Sylvan Baruch heaved a mess of hand grenades at the big time Realtors, when he upped the bid on top of heavy bidding to secure the renting rights—yep, the renting rights to open a book shop in this jugular vein sector where many a soaring merchant singed his wings on the toughest of all business stems. The shop has never closed since. Holidays are book selling days to tycoon Baruch and the flock of affable and gabby clerks are on their tootsies and slinging under the arms of the purchaser the wrapped wordage.

Make no mistake, my gentle readers, at the dope and toney reading the Broadway public goes for. A Tiffany Thayer product ranks far down the list when it bumps up against Albert Halper's *Union Square;* Edna Ferber bows low and deep to the smart sales figures of Thornton Wilder's *Woman of Andros;* Anne Parrish, John Dos Passos, Mike Gold, Thomas Wolfe (the *Look Homeward* in the giant) and scores of other top-notchers in the scribbling game carom their way into the minds of the Great White Way literati. Swift sale marks hit the Blue-Ribbon, Modern Giants, Garden City Star and Grosset & Dunlap brands. The classic reprints, such as Plutarch's Lives, Essays of Montaigne, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, reach "best seller" numbers.

The spot is a natural for the popular reprint items that have appeared in screen form. *Little Women, Treasure Island, David Copperfield* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* are heavy cash register entries. *Richelieu* and *Les Miserables* are also peak figures. In fact few of the remainders and reprints that have flopped in regular trade editions fail to make the grade in this store. Much of the business results from the vast transient population that passes the spot—the thousands of out-of towners that hit New York and take advantage of the book bargains that are unavailable in their own towns and cities.

Dictionaries, thesauruses, anthologies, and other similar items are given heavy play by a growing group of readers known to the Concord flock as the "Self-Education" babies. The beautiful but dumb chorus honey is out; this bookery finds that Schopenhauer and Shakespeare are the books toted by these damsels. Incidentally the Bard of Avon is the best of all sellers regardless of price or edition of any other item in the joint.

This Broadway culture shop is frequently the browsing depot for many of the stem's most prominent show folks. Ethel Barrymore, George Jessel, Rubinoff without his violin, and countless others connected with the stage, screen, and radio are numbered among its patrons.

Blow in sometime and meet Bernard Krasnew, the keen boy manager and buyer. Take a squint around. And if you've got the dough and you've found the book have the clerk bundle it up for you—even if it is two in the morning.

THE DISCOVERY CORNER

"Not since Dickens has anyone, to my mind, written about the common people of England with such accuracy, humour, and real respect."

—*Eunice Clark, COMMON SENSE*

THE TIME IS RIPE

by Walter Greenwood, $2.50 D. D.

THE KINGS of BEACON HILL

By *Christine Whiting Parmenter*

The story of two Boston families at opposite ends of the social scale.

$2.00
CROWELL

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an inn that you would like to fill every week-end

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or cottage which you would like to rent

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.

Market Report

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT 1933-1934. *Compiled by Mary Houston Warren. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. Limited to 700 copies.* 1935. $20.

FEW among today's rare-bookmen, either sellers or buyers, can recall vividly or even vaguely the appearance of the first unit in this indispensable series of manuals. A. S. W. Rosenbach was a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania, William Jennings Bryan's was the most familiar name in America, and "The Red Badge of Courage" was a best-seller. It was a day of young men, and not many of the young men were collecting books. Three years later it was possible to acquire for £105 the very "Pickwick" in parts which Charles Dickens gave to Mary Hogarth. If the nineteenth century (or the eighteenth, or the twentieth) produced a more valuable and moving association copy than this, the fact has not been made matter of record.

But this was long ago, and "American Book-Prices Current" has come of middle age, and celebrates with this its most recent appearance its fortieth birthday—celebrates it, too, in a thicker volume than last year's. The comparative amplitude of recent units, indeed, presents a comprehensive barometric chart of the rare-book market: 1929, 778 pages; 1930, 726; 1931, 829; 1932, 600; 1933, 612; 1934, 659. The gale still whistles in the futtock-shrouds, but like the pain which afflicted the young Macaulay when he upset the tea, it has already begun to abate. And the tremendous volume of offerings during the present season will insure a much bulkier A.B.P.C. for 1934-1935.

Sheer bulk is hardly the whole story in the appraisal of an auction season. But the auction houses are growing choosier; today's catalogues exhibit a much higher average price than did the catalogues of ten or (excepting certain high-voltage sales) of six or seven years ago. The Terry Sale (Part I) of last May averaged $466 per item —a remarkable showing. And there should be at least some sentimental significance in the fact that the record price of the 1933-1934 season was brought by a draft of "The Star-Spangled Banner" in its author's hand—$24,000.

Despite its comparative thickness the new A.B.P.C. exhibits gaps (no fault of its competent editor) which are difficult to explain. It was a thin year, for instance, for the great New Englanders. Of Bryant there were dispersed eleven lots divided among nine entries, of Emerson nineteen among twelve, of Hawthorne thirty-four among fifteen, of Holmes twenty-two among fourteen, of Longfellow thirty-five among twenty-one, of Lowell sixteen among eleven, of Thoreau twelve among five, of Whittier eleven among seven. Eight American authors of established collector prestige—veritable staples of the rare-book market—are represented as a group in a full auction year by only one-hundred and sixty lots divided among fewer than one-hundred entries! The phenomenon is not likely to occur again. But it tends to prove that "American Book-Prices Current" is an eminently valuable manual even by reason of data which it does not cite because the data is not available for citation.

Marginalia

A unique copy of one of the earliest New York imprints, "Some Seasonable Considerations for the Good People of Connecticut," has been discovered by a London bookseller. . . . Unmistakable evidence that the pamplet had been printed by William Bradford in 1694 was adduced by Wilberforce Eames in "The First Year of Printing in New York" (New York Public Library, 1928). . . . The Hanes collection of checkers books in the Providence Public Library comprises five hundred units. . . . Books and manuscripts of Joyce Kilmer which were included in the estate of his father, Dr. Frederick B. Kilmer, were bequeathed by the latter to Rutgers University. . . . Engrossed certificates signed by the founder, A. Edward Newton, have recently been mailed to members of the Trollope Society. . . . Copies of the pamphlet outlining the aims of the society (the pamphlet was the 1934 Newton Christmas booklet) may still be had at fifty cents each on application to Mr. Newton at 501 North 19th Street, Philadelphia. . . . The Lockwood Memorial Library at the University of Buffalo will be dedicated May 15th. . . . The prospectus of Herman Melville's "Journal Up the Straits," now being edited by Raymond Weaver for publication by The Colophon, Ltd., is itself an authentic Melville item.

Huntingtonana

Henry E. Huntington was known to his intimates as Ed—the E stood for Edwards, not Edward. Born in Oneonta, New York, in 1850, at no vast distance in time or space from another great Californian, Bret Harte, Huntington began his business career in 1870 as porter with a New York hardware house. His successful uncle, Collis P. Huntington, was impressed, and soon took the youth under his wing. Set to manage a West Virginia sawmill which turned out railroad ties, Ed Huntington quickly acquired an interest in the enterprise, speeded production, cut costs, and not long afterward owned the mill. His subsequent rise to economic eminence is no more unconventional than that of any other baron of transportation.

The story of his career, and of the development of the great library which bears his name, is summarized by Robert O. Schad, the library's curator of rare books, in "Henry Edwards Huntington: The Founder and the Library," issued by the library as a pamphlet following its serial publication in the *Huntington Library Bulletin*. The younger Huntington built up his collection much as the elder had built up the Southern Pacific. He incorporated into it large units which were already, so to speak, operating systems.

In theory the method does not sound like a particularly romantic program of collecting, but in practice—as the practice is described by Mr. Schad—it wore trappings of authentic purple. Certainly so far as scholarship is concerned, the world has definitely been the gainer. Huntington's purchase of the magnificent Church library *en bloc* in 1911 made possible the preservation in perpetuity of an assemblage of American source material which will be forever impossible of duplication.

There is something to inspire awe in the inclusiveness of the Huntington Library. Like Bacon, it has taken all knowledge for its province. And the day may come when a West Coast sloganeer will proudly proclaim: "If it isn't at San Marino it isn't a book!"

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
ONE BREATH *Patrick Carleton* (Dutton: $2.50)	Novel	The development of a tiny circus of 1785 into a great English amusement institution 100 years later under the fourth generation of owners.	Good
THE KLONDIKE NUGGET *Russell A. Bankson* (Caxton: $2.50)	Americana	The story of Alaska's newspaper of the gold boom, illustrated with photographs.	Obvious
THE RIO KID *Tom Roan* (Godwin: $2.)	Western	First old-fashioned dime novel train robbery we've seen in years.	Gunsmoke
COME, MY COACH *Marjorie Worthington* (Knopf: $2.50.)	Novel	Attractive Lucy Benton, past her youth, plunges headlong into a love affair. The author is convincing with this sort of thing.	Feminine

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines.) All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WANTED—GOOD HOME for three exceptional book companions: Boswell's LIFE OF JOHNSON, Roger Ingpen Edition, 3 volumes in one, 576 illustrations. Superior to original edition, which was $12.50. Our price $4.89. Fowler's MODERN ENGLISH USAGE, India paper bound in limp calf, gilt edges, regularly $10.00. Our price $3.98. First Edition Merriam-Webster Unabridged DICTIONARIES, were $16.00, special at $10.49. ALL DOUBLEDAY, DORAN BOOK SHOPS or New York Office, 244 Madison Avenue.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL for sale or summer rental. Louise Swartz, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

FOR SALE—In the hills. Century-old completely converted barn, five bedrooms, modern bathrooms, G. E. oil furnace, separate studio, heated garage. Enquire Mrs. Arthur Titus, Washington, Conn.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

FOR RENT, Byrdcliffe, Woodstock, New York (to quiet people), attractive five-room house, garage, six acres, lots of books. June to October. Moderate. Ethel Paine, Box 391-A.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

FIVE ROOM furnished apartment, 4 facing front, Columbia section. Half June, July, August. $80. Box 406-A.

DESIRE intellectual contacts? Enclose stamp. Box 113, Davenport, Iowa.

LITERARY RESEARCH. Information found on all subjects. Box 379-A.

REASONABLE Board, beautiful old college town in Blue Ridge Mountains. Box 773, Lexington, Virginia.

WE RISE to bow! We published Peattie's "ALMANAC FOR MODERNS." $3 (Adv.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45 Street.

SPLENDID commission opportunity for cultured woman to earn handsome income taking orders for knit sportswear. Box 309-A.

RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER, with interesting old farmhouse in lovely country, would like two boarders, preferably for all summer. Season, June 1-October 15. Electric lights, two bathrooms, comfortable beds, vegetable garden, good cooking. Rates $15 and $20 a week. Box 70, R. F. D. Conway, Mass.

SPEND SUMMER in beautiful home, seventeen-acre grounds on Staten Island hills, adjacent Country Club. Bridle paths. Private tennis court. $20 weekly. References required. Box 397-A.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM: Coley B. Taylor, Editor, Gotham House, Inc., contributor to The Bookman, The Survey, Books, The World Tomorrow, Theatre Guild Quarterly, etc., will criticize novels and book-length non-fiction. Terms on request. Coley B. Taylor, 160 Claremont Ave., New York.

FARM FOR SALE. 260 acres, farm house, 6 rooms, fireplace, large-beamed living room, all improvements, barn, garage, creek, 50 acres cultivated, balance woodland and mountains, unsurpassed beauty, 115 miles from City, 15 miles from Woodstock. MILVY, 302 W. 12.

A HOUSE on a lake. Your own kind of companions. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

ENGLISH TEACHER (French also), good temper, six years' experience, Masters August, 1935, excellent references. Would correspond with right person. Pennsylvanian.

WHAT MELLOW, sun-kist Californian or curious cosmopolite would write to effervescent, stimulating snowdrop? Ariel.

PERSONALS

MASSACHUSETTS—Refined, congenial young man, American, Protestant, with a darling seven-year-old "motherless" daughter. Would like to make the acquaintance of lady or gentleman, or a lonely, elderly couple, who would finance him in business and consider life-long friendship, on the basis of being your personal assistant, confidential advisor, escort, associate, companion, etc., and share a home together where happiness rules, and the profits from the business will keep the home fires burning (so to speak). My daughter's future depends on my future. Will you help us? Then we can help you in making your life a happy one, by sharing my daughter's love with you, and my loyalty to you, and looking after your welfare and comforts. I am sincere in my desire for mutual contact, with someone alone in the world like we are. Can furnish credentials of the best. If you are really interested, please address "Advertiser," P. O. Box 1641, Boston, Mass.

WIDOW in need would sacrifice for two years rental in advance—ten-room house, fireplace, barn, garage, 7 acres land, in best section Adirondacks. Suitable for home, chicken farm, tourist stop-over. Vicinity Lake Placid, on State Road leading to Montreal. R. c/o Review.

BOOKWORM about to turn wants new summer position. Ruth Peal, '37, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

OPPORTUNITY to spend a summer on a farm if interested in farm life and hobbies. Connecticut.

"J. L. W. LETTER *not received until twenty-*ninth—forwarding takes time. Will not be in New York until Summer."

WILL RENT until October or shorter period completely furnished apartment, kitchen, dining alcove, immense living room, two large bedrooms, two baths, elevator and doorman service, exclusive neighborhood, convenient Columbia University, one block Riverside Drive, ten minutes Times Square. $125.00 monthly. Box 424-A.

YOUNG, unattached, attractive gentleman. beginning writer, well travelled, recent extensive stay in South Seas. Cultured, pleasing personality, neat appearance, vitally alive and interesting. Aspires to position of personal secretary, but will consider any worthwhile proposition. Box 425-A.

BEST VACATIONS—canoe trips. Outdoor camping, or indoor overnights. Newly organized groups of adult, intelligent people. Gentile. Box 426-A.

SOME FAMILY with small children must be going to Europe this summer. I can do everything to make the whole voyage happier for everyone. Please write for further information. Swarthmore College girl. Box 427-A.

YOUNG MAN, 23, university graduate, desires position for summer or longer. Legal, newspaper, research experience. Rapid typist, some dictation. Zest for politics, economics, literature. Box 428-A.

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LETTERS, a Quarterly of unpublished letters and other belles-lettres. Edited by Allison Delarue, New Hope, Pennsylvania. Printed at Princeton University Press. SPRING: music, poetry, prose, drawings, Gertrude Stein. On sale at Gotham Book Mart, New York.

FIVE DOLLARS weekly plus two hours service daily provides your summer on beautiful country estate (beach bathing, educational courses, etc.) with congenial progessive group of co-operators. Box 429-A.

COMMERCIAL TEACHER desires summer or permanent work as traveling secretary, companion, governess, or what have you. Box 430-A.

NEW YORK CITY, 57th St., 58 West—Sublet immediately available 22-foot studio, western exposure, 14-foot ceiling, alcove, fire-place, kitchenette, modern conveniences, references, $75. Apply Supt. Columbus 5-8963.

FOR SALE on Plymouth bay, 1 mile from town, steam-heated house, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage, complete house-keeping guest-house on shore. All in perfect condition. Well-kept grounds. Mrs. LeBaron Hathaway, Plymouth, Mass.

ENJOY a quiet summer. Furnished Vermont farmhouse near artist-writers' colony. $50 per month, $100 for season. Grade A milk and other farm products available next farm. Cecil Dodge, Pawlet. Vermont.

READERS: Please tell me your philosophy of life. "Capricia."

CLASSIFIED

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